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BRIGHTER DAYS.

BY ALICE GARY.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the lowliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD BAYNEHAM inherited the courage of his ancestors; he said to himself that his love was a danger he must fly from, and, cost him what it might, he kept his resolution. Whenever he heard that Lady Hutton and her beautiful ward were to be present at a ball, party, or entertainment, there he refused to go. He would not again voluntarily meet the young girl who was never for a moment out of his mind. He could not help his love; but he would not indulge it weakly, at the price of his honor. Barbara Earle was his promised wife, and he would be true to her, trying his best to forget the fair young girl whom he loved better far than life itself. What matter if his life were cold and dreary? Others had to suffer—why not he? Better any suffering than to fail in honor; better death itself than to be untrue.

His love tortured him; he could never forget it; that face was ever before him; the sweet voice never ceased sounding in his ears. But Claude Bayneham was a brave man; he could die, but never yield. The sharper the pain, the greater the struggle, the more firm were his resolves. He became an altered man. He failed in no duty or kindness, but he looked like one whose life had lost its charm. He was not sad or melancholy, never listless or moody, but there was that in his face which told the whole story.

Barbara Earle saw it, and Lady Bayneham thought that all was not well with her son. Barbara watched him silently for days and weeks, until she became puzzled herself. The name of Lady Hutton's ward never once crossed his lips. Once or twice she purposely mentioned a party or ball which Miss Hutton was to attend, but he showed no anxiety to be there. Several times the "new beauty" had been discussed in his presence, but he made no sign.

Barbara Earle was puzzled, and half thought that there was nothing in it but a collection of her own jealous fears and fancies.

So a month of the brilliant London season passed, and never once did Lord Bayneham allow himself even to look upon the fair young face he loved so well.

Hilda could not understand it. She knew nothing of the engagement between the earl and his cousin. It had never been mentioned in her presence, and she wondered, until wonder became pain, why he did not call upon her or try to see her. She had never forgotten him; that one morning had colored her life; she had remembered him, thought of him, dreamed of him, and loved him, but she had never hoped to meet him again. When he suddenly stood before her that night at Lady Morton's ball her heart almost stood still. Then he had spoken to her, had gazed so long and earnestly upon her, had seemed so utterly and entirely happy, that she thought that he cared a great deal for her. And now it was four weeks since, and he had never once sought her.

Hilda could not understand. Every morning she awoke hoping she should see him during the day, and every night brought its own bitter disappointment.

In the meantime, as Lady Hutton had foreseen, lovers in plenty surrounded the beautiful young heiress. There was no one more popular or more admired. "The beautiful Miss Hutton" was declared to be the belle of the season; but flattery, homage, and admiration brought no pleasure to her. She would have exchanged all for one word from Lord Bayneham.

There was a grand *fete* at the Botanical Gardens, and Miss Earle wished to attend. It was arranged that Lord Bayneham should escort both ladies.

It was a beautiful day in the beginning of July. The sky was cloudless, the air soft and balmy. The gardens were magnificent, the flowers in full perfection, the show of roses was superb, and crowds of splendidly dressed ladies surrounded them.

As Lord Bayneham walked down one of the more retired paths, following Barbara and the countess at a little distance, the whole party suddenly met Lady Hutton and Hilda.

They were surrounded by quite a court of admirers.—Captain Massey, hopelessly in love, and Mr. Seton, who never neglected an opportunity of studying Hilda's face.

There was a murmur of polite greeting, a dispersion of the group of admirers; then Lord Bayneham found himself, he hardly knew how, by Hilda's side. His heart beat almost painfully; he spoke a few confused words, and those without looking at her.

The path was narrow; and the countess said, half impatiently, "We cannot all remain together. I am going to see the roses Claud, you wanted to look at the geraniums,—they are over there. Perhaps Miss Hutton would like to see them."

In less than three minutes after her ladyship's little speech, Barbara Earle found herself with Captain Massey. The two elder ladies enjoyed a half confidential chat over the roses, and Lord Bayneham and Hilda were left behind with the geraniums. She bent over them, but he made no pretence of even looking at a flower. His lips grew white, and he would have flown from the danger, but could not.

"Are you not well, Lord Bayneham?" asked Hilda, looking up in his still face.

"Yes," he replied, "I am quite well."

Then a dreary silence fell upon them; all kinds of wild thoughts rushed through Hilda's mind. She tried to think if it were possible she could have offended him. Was this silent man the same who had lingered by her side in Brynmar woods, and seemed to live in her smiles on the night of the ball? What could have brought about so great a change?

"Shall we follow Lady Hutton?" she said at length.

He bowed assent; but, as good or bad fortune would have it, they took the wrong turning, and instead of rejoining their companions, found themselves quite alone in a broad, shady path.

"You will be pleased to see so many beautiful flowers," said Lord Bayneham, feeling that he must break the silence, which had grown painful.

Hilda looked up at him; their eyes met, and he saw tears shining in hers. Then he saw, too, that her beautiful face had lost some of its bloom, and that she looked sad and sorrowful.

"You have never been to see us, Lord Bayneham," she said, in answer to his look, for he said no more. "I half expected you, for you seemed like an old friend."

There was a tone of reproach in her words. He could not withstand the lovely, innocent face, and quivering lips. He dared not ask himself if she had missed him, and why.

"London is unlike every other place," continued the young girl, in her low, plaintive voice; "everyone talks alike; it is all flattery and compliments; very few seem really to care for each other."

She little dreamed, poor child, how much of her own heart she was revealing.

"How do people talk at Brynmar?" he asked, with a smile.

"It is different there," said Hilda, earnestly. "People are simple and true. Here all seems to me artificial and unreal; it is like one long play that never comes to an end."

They came to the end of the path, and before they saw the wonderful roses, round which their companions stood admiringly.

"Even you, Lord Bayneham," said Hilda, "were different at Brynmar. There you talked to me, but in London you have forgotten me."

She never forgot the startled look he bent upon her.

"Hush, Miss Hutton," he said; "you torture me. You ask me why I do not visit you. I will tell you. I never seek you, because I am pledged to marry Barbara Earle."

He saw the lovely face grow pale and death-like, the dark violet eyes became shaded and dim, the sweet lips quiver and then grew strangely still. He saw all this, and would have given his whole life for power to have uttered one word; but honor bade him be silent.

"Hilda," he said, gently, "in years to come you will perhaps realise what it cost me to tell you this. I never thought much of my future or my fate until I met you in the woods of Brynmar. It was all settled then."

She tried to say she wished him all happiness, but her trembling lips would utter no words.

He saw Lady Hutton and Barbara Earle coming towards them.

Lady Hutton was utterly unobservant, but Barbara Earle's dark eyes saw the strange pallor upon the beautiful young face,—saw that some keen sharp pain had taken all the brightness and happiness away. She saw, and her noble, womanly heart pitied the fair girl, and wondered what her sorrow could be.

"Hilda," said Lady Hutton, "are you tired?—if not, Lady Bayneham has asked us to dine with them. She is going to the opera, and we can form one party. What do you say, my dear?"

Hilda said something, but the words were so faint and indistinct that Lady Hutton did not hear them. Just then she caught sight of the girl's white face, and uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is the matter Hilda?" she asked, hurriedly; "you look quite ill."

Barbara Earle, whose keen instinct told her that there was something wrong, interposed.

"You have been stooping over the flowers, Miss Hutton," she said; "the perfume and warmth together have been too much for you."

Lord Bayneham looked gratefully at his cousin.

"I will see about the carriage at once, if you like," he said to Lady Hutton. "I am sure my mother will be quite ready to return."

Barbara Earle walked by Hilda's side, and talked gaily to her until the faint color came again into the fair face, and the startled frightened look vanished from the sweet tender eyes.

"I am glad you are going to dine with us," she said, "Lady Hutton has been telling us how beautifully you sing. If you feel better, will you give us the pleasure of hearing your voice?"

"I shall be very pleased to do anything you will like," said Hilda. "You are very kind."

"Have you enjoyed the afternoon?" asked Barbara. "Do you like the gardens?"

"No," said Hilda, decisively. "I would sooner have Brynmar woods than all the grand gardens and parks in England put together."

Barbara Earle could have smiled at the girl's simplicity had she not guessed why she loved Brynmar so well.

CHAPTER X.

LADY BAYNEHAM'S dinner party was a very pleasant one. Bertie Carlyon was there, and no one could be dull and listless in his presence. He had the happy faculty of brightening and amusing everyone. He talked gay and agreeable nonsense.

The Countess of Bayneham was in one of her most gracious moods. Barbara Earle had her own reasons for trying to make the party a pleasant one, and Lady Hutton never failed in being both agreeable and entertaining.

No one noticed Hilda's silence and Claud's depression except Barbara; nothing ever escaped her.

"Mr. Seton wants Hilda to sit for her portrait," said Lady Hutton to her hostess. "I am quite willing, but I cannot decide as to her costume."

"The more simple the better," said Lady Bayneham, in a low voice. "Miss Hutton needs nothing in the way of ornament."

"But," persisted Lady Hutton, "I should like her to represent one of my favorite characters. I prefer fancy pictures to simple portraits. I am only puzzled upon which to decide."

"Take my advice," said the countess, "and let Miss Hutton appear as her own simple charming self. She will make a picture then; do not spoil it by attempting to disguise her as someone else. We are going to Mr. Seton's studio to-morrow to see Lady Diana Forclare's portrait; will you join us?"

Lord Bayneham, who had overheard this conversation, loved the countess better in that moment than he had ever done before. He could see that she admired Hilda, and she had given him another opportunity of seeing her.

"Yet I must go away," he said to himself. "If I linger here I am lost. I may talk to her this evening, and to-morrow I will look upon her face for the last time for many years."

For that one evening the young earl gave himself up to the luxury of talking to Hilda. He sat by her side while the beautiful music of "Trovatore" was sung, watching the changes that passed over her face.

"You love music very much, Miss Hutton," he said, when the exquisite melody of "*Ah, che la morte*" sounded, he saw that Hilda's eyes were full of tears.

"Yes," she replied; "but I am not quite sure that I really like the opera. The first time I heard it I was carried away; now it seems to me unreal. How can one sing in the depths of sorrow? If any one I loved were in prison, I could not stand outside the walls and sing."

"What would you do?" asked Lord Bayneham.

"I would make my way in, or die in the attempt," she replied. "Perhaps my taste is not cultivated. We saw 'Norma' the last time. The music is superb; but I could hardly imagine Norma and Adalgisa singing those sweet, sad reproaches. Speech comes natural in moments of excitement; be they sorrowful or pleasant, speech comes naturally, not song."

"Which of all the operas do you like best?" asked Lord Bayneham, amused at her opinions and ideas.

"'Norma,'" she replied. "If I were as unhappy as she was, I should like to die."

In after years those words came back to him, and he knew that they had been spoken truly.

While Claud talked to Hilda, drinking in the loveliness of her face and the music of her voice, two persons watched them. One was Barbara Earle, who read her fate that evening; the other was Captain Massey, who

loved Lady Hutton's ward more deeply than words can tell.

When the last song had died away, and the curtain fell, they rose to leave the house, and Barbara Earle heard Lord Baynecham say, in answer to some remark of Hilda's, "No, I think not. It will be many years before I come here again. The memory of this night will suffice for me."

These words told no new story to Barbara. On the night of the ball, when she first met Hilda, she guessed all that she now knew.

* * * * *

That evening long after everyone had retired to rest, and a deep, unbroken silence had fallen upon the house, Barbara Earle stood, pale and still, by the window of her room

It was a warm night, and she had opened the window. The breeze came in from the park and played with the thick coils of her hair, cooling the brow that seemed to burn with a dull, heavy pain.

Barbara had wept until the fountain of tears was dry. Her sorrow was exhausted now, and the faint moonlight fell upon a face that was sublimely beautiful in its look of calm resolve. A few stars gleamed in the quiet night sky; all Nature was sleeping; the birds were hushed, the flowers were at rest, and the wind seemed keeping watch over them.

The quiet, holy calm soothed Barbara. The storm had passed,—one of wild, tempestuous sorrow; but the silence of Nature brought rest to her. The world and all in it looked little and mean under the light of the solemn stars.

While she stood there, Barbara Earle held, as far as mortals can hold, the destiny of three lives. Had her decision on this evening been different, her life and other lives would have been changed. She knew now that Claud Baynecham loved another better than herself She knew, too, that he was honor itself; he would never seek for release from his promise; he would keep it at any risk, and so lose his life's happiness. There could be no doubt of this His face changed when he looked upon Hilda; a light she had never seen there before came upon it. His eyes were full of silent, hopeless love. She had seen him turn pale and tremble when Hilda touched his hand.

Barbara Earle bit her lips, and a rush of hot angry pride filled her heart, when he remembered how he had wooed herself Not so would he speak of love to the golden-haired girl, whose face was like music. Even at the time she had felt it; but she had comforted herself by thinking that Lord Baynecham was of a calm, undemonstrative nature and that he would love her better when he understood how dearly and deeply she loved him. He had asked her to marry him as coolly and as calmly as he would have asked her to paint him a picture, or sing a song. His whole soul seemed to tremble upon his lips when he said 'Good evening' a few hours ago to Lady Hutton's ward. There could be no mistake about it,—Lord Baynecham had learned to love at last: but it was not she who taught him the lesson.

Barbara Earle's life lay wrecked before her. She had known no other love, or hope, or happiness. As long back as she could remember, every thought of her good, noble heart had been given to Claud Baynecham She had no wish, no hope, no plan, that did not begin and end in him. His future career had been her study for many years. He had great talents, and she longed to see them usefully employed, not wasted in dreamy, elegant idleness. Now from that future, which she had proudly mapped out she was excluded Her keen womanly instinct told her that, far from being Lord Baynecham's life she was the one cloud that darkened it. Better anything than that; better that she should suffer, that her life should be blighted, than he should marry her from duty, and not from love, while his whole heart was given to another.

* * * * *

That morning, when breakfast was over, Lady Baynecham said she had some shopping to do; so the carriage was ordered, and Barbara invited to join her, but Miss Earle said she had an engagement, and the countess drove away alone.

Barbara waited in the drawing-room until her cousin came in.

He looked careworn and tired, as though no sleep had visited him.

"I shall soon take that look from his face," thought Barbara, "though I trample upon my own heart in doing so."

"Claud," she said, gently, "if you have nothing better to do, will you spend half an hour in the library with me?"

Poor Barbara! she saw a shadow cross his face, but he spoke kindly.

They went into the library. There was silence for some minutes; then Miss Earle, turning to Lord Baynecham, said:

"I want to talk to you, Claud, that is why I asked you to come here"

He waited wonderingly, for he saw that her face was full of deep emotion.

"Answer me truly," she said, "what do you love best in the world?—please speak truly."

"I always do," said Claud, proudly; "but you startled me, Barbara."

"If you were to ask me whom I love best in the world," continued Miss Earle, "I should say, my betrothed husband, Claud Baynecham. It is because I love you so well that I have asked you to come here"

Lord Baynecham did not know well what reply to make. He was prepared to marry his cousin, to be true and kind, but he had nothing to say about love. The vision of a sweet young face, framed in bright golden hair, came between him and the noble woman by his side.

"Claud," continued Barbara, laying her hand gently upon his arm. "I will tell you whom you love best in the world. It is that fair young girl whom you met in Brynmar woods, Hilda Hutton. You love her as you never have—never can love another."

"I should never have said so," replied Lord Baynecham sorrowfully.

"I know it," said Barbara; "you would have married me and tried to forget her. I prefer making the sacrifice myself, Claud. It would be useless," she continued, "for me to affect that I do not love you. As long as I can remember, you have been all the world to me. The strength and depth of my love will be best proved by what I am going to do. Your welfare and happiness are dearer to me than my own; therefore I release you from your promise—from all the ties that bind you to me; I give you your freedom. You are at full liberty to love and marry whom you will; and I do this, because I love you and wish to see you happy."

"But, Barbara," remonstrated the earl, "I would never have asked for this,—I cannot consent."

Even as he spoke Barbara saw a half flutter of joy in his face, and her own grew paler.

"I know that," she said; "but do you think, Claud, I could marry you, knowing full well that you love another? It would be impossible," she continued, for he made no reply; "if you were to kneel and ask me to be your wife I would not. I do not blame you for loving her; she is a thousand times more fair than I; but, loving her, could you be so unjust as to offer to marry me?"

"I wish I were dead," cried Lord Baynecham; "I wish I had died rather than have brought unhappiness to you, Barbara. I do love you, but in a different way."

"I shall be very unhappy for a little time," said Miss Earle, sorrowfully, "but then I am a brave woman, and brave women have to live down sorrow. All my happiness will come from seeing yours"

"You are a noble woman, Barbara," said Lord Baynecham. "You are as noble as you are true."

He held both her hands in his, and, for the last time, his lips touched her brow, and Barbara grew deadly pale as he did so.

"Go now," she said, gently, "and leave me to Lady Baynecham."

Claud turned away; he could not have spoken another word.

She watched him with eyes that grew dim with tears. How quietly he had taken his dismissal! He had nothing to say.

With joy and sorrow strangely mingled in his heart Lord Baynecham did not then know the value of what he on that morning lost.

CHAPTER XI.

DEEP in Lord Baynecham's heart there lingered a half feeling of regret for Barbara Not that he loved her; he had never cared more for her than he did at this present time. Her true nobility of character struck him, as it had not done before. He could not quite forget her words,—so true, so clear, so free from all affection, so full of love for him. While they lingered that day in his ears, he did not seek Hilda.

Barbara Earle was not one who did anything imperfectly. The rest of that day—the one on which she had given her lover his freedom—was spent in her own room What it cost, no one ever knew. Barbara shut herself up with her sorrow, and spoke not a word of it. The morning after, when she came down to breakfast, there was new beauty in her face, the beauty of calm, serene resolve; the storm had passed over and all outward trace of it had disappeared.

"We are going to Mr. Seton's to-day, aunt," she said to Lady Baynecham. "You said two o'clock, I think. Are we to call for Lady Hutton?"

"No," replied the countess, "we are to meet her at the studio. I hope Miss Hutton's portrait will be a success; she has an exquisite face; and Barbara, remind me that we have to call at Storr & Mortimer's to see about the resetting of the diamonds The Baynecham diamonds are considered among the finest in England; you must wear them on your wedding day."

Barbara smiled, and had Lady Baynecham watched her attentively, she would have seen the firm lips quiver as they smiled.

Claud rose hastily; his face flushed deeply. The countess, serenely unconscious, continued her remarks.

"I should like to have your portrait, Barbara. Mr. Seton is one of the first of living artists; we will speak to him about it to-day. We shall be side by side then in the great gallery."

Barbara made no reply. She was thinking of the fair young face that would be next to that of the stately lady before her, while she, Barbara Earle, would never be portrayed as one of that race.

Claud walked uneasily up and down the room, longing to make an end of the painful scene, but not knowing how. At last, to his intense delight, Lady Baynecham rose and quitted the room, still serenely unconscious of all wrong.

"This is intolerable," he cried; "Barbara, I cannot forgive myself for allowing you to go through such a scene. My mother must be told at once."

Barbara raised her clear dark eyes to his face, and though the warm tears shone brightly in them, she smiled, and spoke bravely.

"It could not be helped; do not be vexed, Claud. I was wondering if diamonds looked well with golden hair And that reminds me that time is precious Take a cousin's advice, and see Miss Hutton to-day. We may still call at Storr & Mortimer's, you know."

"But, Barbara," said Claud gently, "I think more of you than you do of yourself. I cannot bear to think of love or happiness while you are——" He stopped abruptly, not knowing quite what to say.

"While I am unhappy, you mean, I suppose," said Barbara, half haughtily, yet with a smile of amusement. "How candid you are, Claud. Never fear for me The past is all dead; its ghost will never haunt me With all my heart I intend to help you; and when you marry Miss Hutton I shall stand by her side, for two reasons. One is, that the sight of your happiness will more than repay me for any pain that I may suffer; and the second is, that no one shall say that Barbara Earle fled like a love-sick schoolgirl. No one shall ever know the truth of this affair but you and I, Claud."

"The truth is," said her cousin, with a smile, "that you have dismissed me. Your reasons for so doing concern no one but yourself"

"I will speak to my aunt," said Barbara. "she will take it better from me than from you. And now, Claud, go. I can see impatience written in every line of your face. I venture to predict, if you call, you will find Miss Hutton at home."

For once Barbara was wrong. When Lord Baynecham reached Lady Hutton's, he found both ladies absent, and was obliged to wait until two o'clock, when he intended to be at Mr. Seton's.

Nor was Barbara more fortunate. She made several efforts to obtain an interview with the countess, but on that particular morning her 'ladyship' was busily engaged, and when they left home Lady Baynecham was still in happy ignorance. Barbara knew her aunt too well to attempt any communication of that kind in an open carriage. She knew what the storm of anger would be.

* * * * *

"I should be better satisfied," said Mr. Seton, as the group of ladies stood round his easel, "if Miss Hutton had the same bloom upon her face that she had when I first saw her She looks pale—something like a drooping flower. Late hours and much dancing do not improve our fair and fashionable ladies."

Lady Hutton looked anxiously at her ward; then, for the first time, she noted how changed was the fair young face. There could be no mistake about it. Hilda might laugh and sing, but that look could only come from sorrow—sorrow, too, that had taken deep root. What could it be? Surely the child could not have fallen in love—she, so innocent, so fresh and pure, so untouched by the world, so utterly unconscious of all passion.

Yet nothing but love could have stolen the bloom and freshness from that lovely face, the brightness from the sweet eyes and yet have left greater beauty in their place When Mr. Seton spoke a deep flush covered Hilda's face, and her eyes fell.

"The loss of a little color is easily remedied," said Barbara with a smile; "art can do something where Nature fails; there are plenty of blooming roses in that color-box Mr Seton."

Lady Baynecham was busily engaged in criticising Lady Diana Foreclere's portrait.

"I call that a perfect work of art, Mr Seton," said her ladyship, graciously; "without flattering Lady Diana; you have brought out the chief beauties of her face. I should like my niece, Miss Earle, to have her portrait taken exactly in this style,—it would suit her"

"Miss Earle's face is one of the few I should fear to undertake," said Mr. Seton

"Why?" asked Lady Baynecham, with some surprise.

"Because," replied the artist, "its beauty lies in the soul that shines through it. How can I reproduce that faithfully on canvas? It would not be a mere portrait; it would be what you have so kindly called this, a work of art"

"Then a work of art let it be," said the lady, looking up with wonder at the artist's enthusiasm. "We have some magnificent portraits at Baynecham Castle, and this one is——"

"My dear aunt," interrupted Barbara, fearing the coming allusion, "have you seen this beautiful sketch?"

While the ladies examined a wondrously executed sketch of a contemplated picture, Claud drew near to Hilda. Before he spoke to her, he noted the flush that rose to her fair young face.

"Shall you have the patience to sit still?" he asked with a smile; "Mr. Seton is very particular, I hear"

"I have plenty of patience," said Hilda. "If it pleases Lady Hutton to have my picture, I shall have a motive for my patience. One can do anything with a motive, you know"

She spoke hastily, as though anxious to say something, yet not feeling sure that she was on safe ground.

"I heard an amusing story of Miss Devereux, the Welsh heiress," continued Claud. "She declared she had never learned the multiplication table at school; so she studied it while sitting to Mr. Seton."

"I should not like that," said Hilda. "When I have nothing to do I dream of Brynmar; and you;" she might have added, for he read it in her face.

"So do I," he replied; and the new ring of music in his voice made her look up quickly at him.

"Hilda," he said, gently, "may I call and see you now?" Then he lowered his voice, and in a passionate whisper added, "Say yes, my darling; say yes, for I am not to marry Barbara Earle."

With a heart beating high with triumph he noted the sudden and beautiful flush that lighted the young tender face, the light that shone in the clear, pure eyes, the trembling lip that could find no answer for him. He could say no more. Hilda understood all those few words implied.

"May I call this evening?" he asked, gently; but the red ripe lips never moved in reply.

Mr. Seton gazed at the changed face in wonder. The half sad look, the pallor, and the dim eyes, had disappeared as if by magic. It was a beautiful radiant girl upon whom he gazed whose features glowed with happiness. The artist knew something of the world and its ways, and he gave a shrewd, quick glance at Lord Baynecham; then, for him, the mystery was solved.

When all details of time, costume, etc., were arranged, Lady Hutton and Hilda drove away.

Lord Baynecham would not accept his mother's invitation to drive home with her; he wanted to be alone with his newly found happiness.

Barbara Earle took her seat by Lady Baynecham's side, knowing the time for the real struggle had come at last.

"We will go at once to Storr & Mortimer's," said the countess to her niece; "it will take us some time to choose the settings"

"Aunt," said Barbara, "do not go there. I might say I was too tired, or give other excuses,—all would be equally false. Do not go to-day, and promise not to ask the reason until we reach home."

"What can you mean, Barbara?" asked her aunt, haughtily. "Have you some plan, some design of your own for the diamonds? You should have mentioned it before, my dear."

"I have no plan of my own," she replied, wearily. "I will explain when we reach home."

Although Lady Baynecham raged for an explanation, she was too well bred to repeat her question.

Barbara's face had grown strangely pale, and the countess gazed at her with surprise.

They were not long in reaching Grosvenor Square

"Come with me to my room, Barbara," said her aunt. "Let me hear what this mystery means"

Miss Earle followed Lady Baynecham quietly enough to her room She closed the door with her own hands, and stood before it.

"Few words are always best, aunt," she said, with a feeble attempt at smiling "I did not go to choose a setting for the Baynecham diamonds, because I am not going to marry Claud."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUSSIAN babies are always swaddled and rolled up in bandages, so that they may conveniently be put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their homes an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penates, with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block.

He looks curiously at one laid upon a shelf another hung on the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot.

"Why, is that a child?" cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone.

"Why, what else should it be?" quietly answers the mother,

Having learnt so much in so short a time the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature, but, his curiosity being somewhat damped by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he mildly injuries of the parent when it was washed.

"Washed!" shrieks the horrified mother; "what, wash a child? You'd kill it!"

"A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN."

BY J. G. HAMLIN.

I sought Thee when the crimson sun went down
'Mid violet clouds into a sea of rest;
I sought Thee on the lonely mountain's crown
When morning tipp'd with fire its cairned crest;
And in Thy holy prophets' rich bequest
Worn (love's best mark) with ceaseless study brown,
And in Thy fanes, with flower and jewel drest,
The hamlet's pride, the glory of the town:—
Still Thou didst hide Thyself, and I afar
For Salem sought—a wanderer on the moor—
And followed in the wake of every star
Which to Thy special presence might allure;
And still I sought, and sought, o'er wold and scaur,
Till, O my God, I found Thee in Thy poor.

The Missing Notes.

BY J. F. CAMPBELL.

"IF there be a man who doesn't know the sweets of idleness in the country after nearly a year's toil in town, I pity him," I remarked to myself as, in glorious spirits, I drew the last strap of my portmanteau, and waited for the carriage that was to convey me to the Southwestern Terminus, en route for Dellington, where my mother resided.

I held a government position and having just got my month's holiday, was all anxiety to be stretched upon the cool meadow grass, or reading in the hay fields under a July sun.

Let me confess, though, at once, that these were not the chief attractions at Dellington. There was another—Rose Warren, my cousin, who resided with my mother.

She and her twin brother were the orphan children of my father's only sister; and a pretty scamp that twin brother was in everybody's sight but Rose's.

He had almost robbed her of her last penny, but she stuck to him for all.

My mother was annoyed, though she said she admired her spirit; while I—loved her; and Nellie Wells admired—almost worshipped her.

Nellie Wells was a protegee of my mother's. The child had been left an orphan under sad circumstances, and my mother liking children about her, had taken Nellie under under her protection, bringing her up as a companion and personal attendant.

She was a year older than Rose, but looked younger, being very fair, with large blue eyes, and soft, golden hair. Her features were delicate and pretty, with a timid expression on them that harmonized with her appearance.

Rose, who entered my mother's house with a certain sullen consent, to show it was by protest, took a great fancy to Nellie, as Nellie did to her.

On reaching Dellington I found Rose in the highest spirits. She greeted me more warmly than usual, and was ready to laugh on the slightest provocation.

My mother, on the contrary, looked grave and troubled.

"Mother," I asked, "what is the matter? Anything about that scamp Frank?"

"I believe he is in difficulties. And I fancy Rose has secretly been helping him with money."

"Is that all?" I said, feeling relieved. "Why, she told me frankly that, whether it was liked or not, she should send her pocket money to him."

"Her pocket money! What would that be to a man in difficulties?"

"Then, in what other way could she send money?"

"William, within the last fortnight I've missed a fifty-dollar note out of my desk——"

I started up, crying, "Do you say that Rose is a thief?"

"Sit down, William, or I will not continue," said my mother, her calmness restored. "I accuse no one, but the money has gone. And listen further—I missed the note on the fifth; on the fourth Rose sent a letter to her brother, which she had registered."

"How did you discover that?"

"From Nellie Wells."

"What!" I cried, "has she played the spy on her friend?"

"William, you are unjust," replied my mother."

"Why?" I asked.

"Is Nellie Wells of the disposition to act such a part? Why, she would sacrifice us all for Rose."

I was silent.

My mother's words were true.

After a moment's reflection I said:

"Does Rose know you have discovered your loss?"

"No; I have as yet told no one," said my mother.

"Then," said I, rising up, "she shall know of it at once. I will ask her if she has taken it."

"You will do no such thing," remarked my mother, gravely. "This is my plan. A theft has been committed. We will, however, accuse no one. We will seem even not to be aware of it. This will embolden whoever took it. They may make a second attempt. Detection may then follow, and we shall not suffer from causing pain to an innocent person."

After awhile my mother brought me over to her opinion, and it was decided that nothing should be said; all should, apparently, go on as usual.

As usual! How could it be as usual to me? Oh, what a cursed thing is suspicion! I loved Rose, and my very affection made it more terrible.

A week had passed, when, one afternoon, I had to make a call at some little distance on business for my mother.

It took me to town, and I asked if I could perform any service for Rose.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I have to go there myself in about an hour to see the dressmaker."

I set off, with the full determination to get back to the town in an hour, and meet Rose.

It was nearly two hours before I returned, and had given up all hope of being in time, when, to my joy, I saw her.

She was walking hurriedly, and before I could overtake her, had entered the post-office.

What impelled me I don't know, but I followed her, going inside the door.

As I did so, I heard the postmaster distinctly say:

"To be registered, Miss?"

And Rose's voice reply:

"Yes, sir."

Another registered letter to her brother! A sudden coldness seized me. I walked hurriedly away.

On reaching home I found mother alone, at work. Nellie was reading, she said, in the arbor.

"Mother," I asked, "when did you count the notes in your desk last?"

"Yesterday morning," she answered, surprised; then, looking up, added, "Why, William, what is the matter? How pale you are."

"Never mind," I said; "come and count them now."

Anxiously I saw her open the desk, and count the notes.

"Well?" I inquired, hoarsely.

"There is one twenty-dollar note gone," she replied.

I told her what I had heard and seen at the post-office.

"That's very strange," said my mother, thoughtfully; "I cannot see how Rose could have got my keys. There must be a duplicate."

Again I would have Rose told, but mother objected.

"Tell no one as yet, especially Nellie," she said.

"Very well," I answered.

"I intend," said my mother, "to make a thorough search first in my room. If I do not find it, I shall, in Rose and Nellie's presence, declare my losses, and intention to earnestly investigate the matter. If it be Rose, that may frighten her into confession. Until then, let us give rise to no suspicion. Did you not say, at breakfast, you were going to fish in the river?"

"Yes."

"Then go. Return by luncheon time, and you shall learn the result of my search."

I complied in a sort of listless, mechanical way.

I had hardly sat on the bank near the old mill half an hour when I heard Rose's voice addressing me.

"What a fisherman you are!" she laughed. "You have caught nothing; and are not likely to catch anything the way you are going about it. Let me try." And she took the rod from my listless hand, and standing erect, threw the line in the water. "My ill-luck will amuse you, poor Will."

So saying, she began whipping the stream among the sedges and lilies, pulling in when the hook caught. I looked dreamily on, wondering if my aunt had found her brooch.

Suddenly I was aroused by a cry of delight from Rose.

"Oh, Will, help me!" she cried. "I've got such a bite!"

She was pulling at the line, which was slowly forcing its way through the sedges.

"Why don't you let it go, Rose?" I said; "it's only a piece of rag—a duster, perhaps, from the mill."

"No; no; that's where we differ," said Rose.

How pretty she looked!

"You begin things, and then give them up. I never do. I'll land my fish. There it is!" she continued. "It's a parcel—a treasure, a treasure!"

It certainly was a small parcel—something tied in a white handkerchief. How long it had been in the water there was no telling, but it had evidently been caught in the sedges.

I untied the knot, Rose bending over me. As I disclosed the contents, she quickly exclaimed:

"Why it's Nellie's pocket book that she told me she could not find. How could it have come here?"

But I had seen something else as I opened the pocket book—something that filled me with a strange agitation.

Gathering the handkerchief and its contents quickly in one hand, taking my cousin by the arm with the other, I said:

"Rose, come with me."

"Good gracious, Will, what is it?" she exclaimed.

"Don't ask, but come."

She complied, in wondering silence.

Soon we were in my mother's private room. She looked up as we hastily entered.

"Not found, William," she said, significantly.

"Wait," I said, going to the table and taking up a sheet of blotting paper.

"Aunt, what is the matter with Will? Is he crazy?" asked Rose.

My mother said nothing, but watched me. I spread two wet, flimsy pieces of paper, which I had carefully taken from the pocket book, on the blotting paper, and passed it over.

"Mother," I asked, "what are they?"

"They are, William, the notes I lost. I know by the numbers," she answered. "Where did you find them?"

"In this pocket book, in the river. You must tell Rose all now. She has a right to hear. We must ask her pardon."

My mother, taking Rose's hand, kindly told everything. As she did so I examined the handkerchief. It was very old, but in one corner there were faint marks. I took up my mother's glasses and used them as magnifiers. The marks were letters—N. W.

Suddenly I heard Rose exclaim:

"And you, because of those registered letters thought I was the thief! Oh aunt! oh, Will, how could you? I did send Frank a bank note in each. They were my savings; and I also sold some of my trinkets."

"My love," said my mother, kissing her, "I have wronged you. You are a brave, kind girl. But who could have stole my money to merely throw it away?"

"Nellie Wells," I answered; and, as I spoke my conviction, the door opened and she appeared. I do not know what impelled me, but, taking up the sheet of blotting paper, advancing to her, I charged her with the theft.

The girl turned as pale as death with fear, and, uttering a cry, staggered back against the wall, hiding her face. Then she turned, and fled swiftly to her room. My mother instantly followed. She found her kneeling on the ground, sobbing hysterically.

"Forgive me—forgive me!" she cried. "I couldn't help it. It was all because I hated her!"

"Hated who?"

"Rose Warren."

"You," cried my mother, "who professed so greatly to love her?"

"I hated her—hated her from the first and shall to the end. I loved William, and he used to think the most of me, and might have loved me if Rose had not come between us. And I did this to ruin her in your opinion—to make you believe she took the notes——"

"Silence, girl! for shame!" cried my mother, indignantly; and walked from the room.

We, Rose and I, never saw Nellie Wells again. She went away of her own accord that evening to an aunt her only relative. Not only did I marry Rose, but we all had to confess that she was right, and we were wrong, about Frank. Perhaps we did, in our indignation, misjudge him; perhaps the loss of Rose's money was a severe lesson; but he had, indeed, earnestly and thoroughly put his shoulder to the wheel, "to make a fortune," and really succeeded. He is a wealthy merchant now. My wife's money is all paid back with interest, while the intense love that exists between the brother and sister makes me at times feel almost jealous.

Mark Twain tells how a party of tourists got wet, and what they did when they came back to the hotel: "We stripped and went to bed, and sent our clothes down to be baked; all the horde of soaked tourists did the same. The chaos of clothing got mixed in the kitchen, and there were consequences. I did not get back the same drawers I sent down when our things came up at 6.15. I got a pair on the new plan. They were merely a pair of long, white, ruffled, cuff sleeves, hitched together at the top with a narrow band, and they did not come down to my knees. They were pretty enough, but they made me feel like two people, and disconnected at that. The man must have been an idiot to get himself up like that to rough it in the Swiss mountains. The shirt they brought me was shorter than the drawers, and hadn't any sleeves to it—at least it hadn't any more than Mr. Darwin would call rudimentary sleeves; these had edging around them. The knit silk undershirt they brought me was on a new plan, and was really a sensible thing; it opened behind and had pockets in it for the shoulder blades, but they did not seem to fit me, so I found it a sort of uncomfortable garment. They gave my bob tail coat of somebody else and sent me an ulster suitable for a giraffe. I had to tie my collar on because there was no button on the foolish shirt which I described a little while ago."

Fare-well performance—a good meal.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CHINESE NAMES.—The Chinese have names which correspond in frequency with the Browns and Smiths of Anglo-Saxon Christendom. Those most frequently occurring are Chin, Chang, Wang Shin, which are the equivalents of "gold," "long," "prince," and "stone."

REYNARD AND HIS TORMENTORS.—"Foxes are much tormented with fleas, and when the infliction becomes severe," says an old author, "they gather, from the bark of trees, moss, which they carry in their mouths to the side of a stream where the water deepens by degrees. Here they enter the water, still carrying the moss in their mouth; and, going backwards, beginning from the end of their tail, they advance by slow degrees, till the fleas, to escape the water, enter the moss, when the fox drops it, and thus escapes his tormentors.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—During the ministry of the Duke de Richelieu in France a liberal society formed the Council of Nine, at which his attention, for he sent his spy Boisrobert there. This man, the Cardinal's jackal, suggested to Richelieu that in this assemblage there was something that might be useful to France and flattering to his Eminence. But the Immortals, as they were called from their leader, had at first no idea of their own immensity, and declined the honor. But a Cardinal who had tiger's claws was not to be denied. By degrees the nine became twenty-eight, and then the Cardinal stepping to the front, declared it to be an Academic Female. A year later the number of august *fauteuils* were increased to 40, and to-day, as 245 years ago, the Immortals have kept to their original exclusiveness.

KARATS OF GOLD.—As pure gold is so very soft—too soft indeed for any practical purpose—it is alloyed with copper or silver, the first alloy producing a red lish color and the second a pale, yellow gold. Our gold coin, like that of France, Belgium, and Holland, contains one tenth of both copper and silver, mostly copper. For jewelry the alloy differs with the quantity, and is estimated by what are called karats. A carat is the 24 h part of any given quantity; thus, when gold is called 24 karats it means that it is all gold; when 20 carats, that of every 24 parts 20 are gold. 18 karats is the most common alloy used by jewelers, and keeps as well as pure gold. 12 karats is only half gold, and is a low alloy, which is apt to tarnish more easily and lose its lustre, requiring more frequent cleaning.

HOLLAND CUSTOMS.—A curious custom at Saardam, where Peter the Great first stayed on his arrival in Holland to learn the ship building trade, is the manner of treating the numerous windmills there, on occasions of ceremony or mourning. In the first, it is usual to deck the arms with green, blue, and other colored paper streamers, festoons, etc. The effect of these with the motion of the mills can easily be imagined. When an owner of a mill or any of his blood relations dies, the fact is announced by taking away one or more of the arms or blades of the wheel. If a distant relation, but one is removed, a closer grade of blood being typified by the greater number, until in case of the proprietor, the mill is entirely stripped of its revolving shafts.

WOMEN'S DUTIES.—In Java, according to a well-known writer, "the women alone attend the markets and conduct all the business of buying and selling." So, too, in Angola, the women "buy, sell, and do all other things which the men do in other countries, while their husbands stay at home and employ themselves in spinning, weaving cotton, and such like effeminate business." In ancient Peru there was a like division; men did the spinning and weaving and women the field work. Again, in Abyssinia "it is infamy for a man to go to market to buy anything. He cannot carry water or bake bread; but he must wash the clothes belonging to both sexes and, in this function, the women cannot help him." And among the Arabs "the female repudiates needlework entirely, the little they require being performed by their husbands and brothers."

LIVING IN PARIS.—Half the inhabitants of Paris avoid domestic life altogether, sleeping in lodgings and eating in restaurants, of which there are a great variety. The most common establishments in Paris are the eating houses, from the soup house up to the "swell" restaurant. The first class cafe offers its customers coffee and rolls but adds the perusal of the daily papers. The restaurants differ, because offering full meals at all hours, and, in addition, regular breakfast and dinner at eleven A. M. and at six P. M., respectively. The price of the regular meals is invariably posted in gilt letters on the street window panes, and a stranger with limited funds can walk down a street, and find a restaurant suited to his means, merely by studying the prices on the windows. The custom of fooing the waiters is an intolerable nuisance; but, as it is by the fees that hotel and restaurant waiters are paid, he who disregards this law of custom will soon be made to find out his mistake.

POVERTY.

I had a dream of poverty by night,
And saw the holy palmer wending by,
With pensive face and radiant, upturned eye,
Drinking the tender moon's approving light.
I saw her take the hills and climb the height,
While broad below the city murmured nigh,
Spangling the dusk with lamps of revelry
That made the yellow planets pale to sight.
Yet kept my love her face toward the stars
Till broke the dawn against the mountain ridge,
And angels met her on the misty way.
Then heaven looked forth on her through golden bars,
Then gleamed her feet along a rosy bridge,
Then passed the noiseless 'nto eternal day.
—ROSA MULHOLLAND.

The White Hand.

BY A. R. HOPE.

As Eva has gone up with the children, and we are alone, draw your chair nearer the fire, and I will tell you an adventure which happened to myself, and which will account for my belief in apparitions.

You remember when I was traveling for Fairfax and Morison some years ago; they had very large transactions in Ireland, and I was generally selected to discharge their business duties.

It was about ten years ago when I had to visit the town of Ballyshannon, in Donegal. I remember the day as though it were yesterday; the weather was about the most miserable I ever encountered.

However, I wrapped myself up as comfortably as I could, got on the car, which was driven fortunately, by a very jolly, good-natured fellow, and set out on my journey.

We had scarcely got five miles on our way when, at a most execrable part of the road, the axle-tree of the car broke and we were both flung out on the road, very luckily without sustaining any injury.

Here was a pleasant predicament to be in. Not a house within sight; on one side of the road a steep mountain covered with furze, and on the other a deep precipice, below which lay the sea.

"What on earth are we to do, Pat?" I said. "We can't stay here all night; and the evening is beginning to fall!"

"Begorra sir," replied Pat. "I dunno, barring you go with me to Mick Hennessy, who has a shebeen about a mile further on; but it is hardly a place for a gentleman like you. Oh, I have it!" he cried; "come here, your honor,"—bringing me to the other side of the road—"do you see that tall white rock yonder?"

"Yes;" said I.

"Well, now, sir," continued Pat, "if you go a little above that rock you will see a little lane running up the mountain side. It will bring you to the house of Mr. Marsden, a very good gentleman and he's sure to give you a lodging for the night. I'll go on to Mick Hennessy's with the baste; and I'll call for your honor in the morning."

To cut a long story short I made my way with a good deal of difficulty to the house, told my story, and was received most cordially by the owner, who, to my astonishment turned out to be an old schoolmate of mine, who had inherited some property from an uncle.

After a very pleasant evening, the hour came for retiring, when my host said to me, "Frank, old boy, I am rather puzzled where to put you for the night. When I got this house it was terribly dilapidated; and it is only now that I am getting it into some repair. I have only one vacant bedroom, which, however, has two disadvantages. It lies a little distance from the house, in what was originally an old castle, and it has the reputation of being haunted. The people round here call it 'the Red O Donnell's Room;' but I could never ascertain the reason for this name. The room, however, is very comfortable, and in perfect order. If, however, you have any objection to sleep in a room with such an evil reputation, we will easily improvise a bed for you somewhere or other."

"Oh, nonsense, Charley!" I laughed. "I have no fear of ghosts, I assure you."

After some further hesitation on the part of my host and to the seemingly intense terror of an old woman servant, the room was at length got ready and my host conducted me to it.

The apartment was very large and lofty, not papered but panelled in dark wood, with a large old-fashioned bed at one end hung round with large curtains.

The whole room, though dark and sombre in appearance, looked exceedingly comfortable.

I bade my host a warm good night, and very carefully fastened the door, lest any trick might be played upon me.

To satisfy myself that there was no likelihood of such a thing, I took up a candle, and made a diligent survey of the room.

I sounded with my knuckles every part of the old paneling, examined the floor minutely for any trace of a trap-door, and even pushed the bed into the middle of the room, lest any secret door might be concealed behind it; but I discovered nothing.

Then, feeling, very fatigued, I went to bed.

Suddenly I awoke with a violent start, and felt an instinctive feeling that I was not alone, but that there was something in the room. I sat up in the bed and looked carefully round the room, but could see nothing, and, smiling at my own folly, I lay down again, and tried to compose myself to sleep.

While I lay trying in vain to woo it to my embrace, I fancied I saw the curtains shake. At first I thought it was the wind, but I soon saw a long white hand pass between the folds and slowly open them, and then a face appeared between them, intently gazing at me.

It was the face of a young girl, and exquisitely beautiful, but the large blue eyes were expanded as it were with terror, and the whole expression of the countenance was that of awful agony and despair. I could not stir; I felt absolutely petrified.

Presently the face disappeared, and the curtains closed again, and then I saw the woman glide across the room and crouch down on a low stool before the fire. Her long golden hair hung to the ground behind her, and, with hands clasped convulsively together, she rocked herself to and fro, with such a look of hopeless misery on her face as I trust in Heaven I shall never see again.

While I still lay gazing on this strange apparition, I heard a rustle at the other end of the room, and turned round to see whence it came.

A low door which I had not observed before slowly opened in the panneling, and a man crept on his hands and knees through it. As he did so, he raised his face, and never did I see or fancy an expression so horribly devilish as it bore. A thick and matted mass of red hair hung over his low and brutal forehead, his brawny arms were bare to the shoulders, and he was clad in a tightly-fitting garment, seemingly formed of a sheepskin.

Slowly and cautiously he crept towards the figure of the crouching woman, who, as unconscious of his presence, still continued her weary rocking to and fro; and when he had approached within sufficient distance of her, he suddenly seized her by the long hair, dragged her to the ground, and strangled her.

I heard the hideous gurgling of the throat, I saw the agonized writhing of the limbs, and still I lay motionless, as though a heavy hand were laid upon my breast and kept me from rising or stirring.

Soon all was over, and the horrible demon sprung from the body of his victim, and rushed from the room, casting, as he passed the bed, a look upon me which froze my very blood with terror.

The body of the murdered woman lay upon the floor, half turned on her face, with one arm stretched out to its full extent. Then—I shudder even when I think of it—I saw the hand open and clutch the floor, and I felt my brain absolutely reel with horror as I saw the horrible figure slowly, like a crushed worm, drag itself towards the bed.

My heart beat wildly as though it would burst, and yet I could neither stir nor speak. Nearer, nearer still it came, and at last I beheld the long and bony fingers grasp the bedclothes, and the hair appear as though the face were rising closer to me. Then, at last, with a wild cry of terror, I sprang from the bed and fainted.

A long brain fever was the result, during which I was nursed most kindly by Charlie Marsden and his daughter Eva, who I need not tell you is now my wife.

Dream or no dream, this is what I saw.

A good story is told in Paris of a son of an eminent statesman. This man was for a short time incarcerated in the fortress of Vincennes owing to political troubles. His wife, accompanied by one of her sons, went to see him. They dined together in his chamber. The son was extremely sad and taciturn during dinner, and at last attracted the father's attention. "Why, my dear boy, what is the matter with you?"—"Nothing, father," replied the lad of eleven. "Nonsense," said his father; "I see something is the matter with you. Come, tell me what it is."—"Why, pa," blubbered the boy, "I am so disappointed. I made sure of seeing you in a dungeon, chained to the wall, and you ain't."

A story is told of Sheridan, himself an Irishman, that one day, when coming back from shooting with an empty bag, he did not like to home completely empty, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a man or farmer leaning on a rail watching them, Sheridan said, "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?" "Well," he said, "I will take half a sovereign." "Done!" said Sheridan, and he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen; "I am afraid you made a bad bargain!" "Well, I don't know," said the man, "they wern't mine."

"I have no patience with a man who can't remember a thing no longer than it's being told him," exclaimed Jones, impatiently. "Now I can carry a thing in my mind a month, if need be." "You're a lucky dog, Jones," remarked Prendergast, quietly; "it isn't everybody that has so much room in his mind as you have, you know."

The Waterproof.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

The storm had rolled up with unexpected rapidity from the West.

And the passengers on the ferry-boat looked dubiously out, and calculated their chances of escaping this second edition of the Deluge, as she neared the dock.

"How it does rain, to be sure," said Miss Prudence Lee. "I'm glad we brought our waterproofs, aren't you Andy?"

Andrew Lee, a frank-faced, blue eyed young fellow of two or three and twenty, looked down at the parcel in his lap.

"Shall I help you on with yours, aunt Prue?" said he.

Miss Lee stood complacently up, while her nephew shrouded the brand-new breadths of her best silk gown with the gossamer rubber cloak.

"Aren't you going to put on yours, Andy?" said she.

"Not yet," said he, quietly. "Or, to tell you the truth, aunt, I think I shall offer it to that pale young girl opposite. Do you see her? She is dressed in the thinnest of muslin; and has not even a shawl with her."

Miss Prudence glanced sharply up at her nephew.

"Do you know who she is?" asked she.

"No," he answered.

"Humph!" said the elderly lady, "any one might know that you are from the country."

Andrew smiled with imperturbable good humor.

"Pshaw!" said Prue. "I don't mean that. I mean that you are liable to be imposed upon. Wear your waterproof yourself, like a sensible man, and don't go stalking about the world like Don Quixote newly broken loose."

At that moment, however, the boat touched the pier, there was a general rush sternward on the part of the eager crowd of passengers, and Andrew Lee, stepping forward, offered his waterproof to the pale young girl in the grey muslin dress.

"Will you wear this?" said he, not without some little embarassament. "It is still raining very hard, and you have neither shawl nor umbrella."

The girl's first impulse had been to shrink back, half in terror, half in offended pride.

But one glimpse of the sunburnt young fellow's frank, honest face, seemed to change her mood.

"Oh, thank you," said she, hurriedly. "But what will you do yourself?"

"I am a man," said he, with a slight smile; "my clothing is thick, and I am used to all sorts of weather."

"I am very much obliged," said the young girl, with evident relief, "and now if you will add to my indebtedness by telling me where to send it, it shall be promptly returned this evening."

"We live at No 250 Chestnut avenue," shrilly interposed Miss Prudence. "No 250. Have the goodness not to forget, young woman."

And the next moment they were separated by the throng of landing passengers.

"You'll never see that garment again," said aunt Prudence, screwing her lips together.

"Why not?" asked Andrew.

"She's a regular imposter," replied the old lady. "I've no patience with you, not a particle; and if this is the way you're going to manage matters, you'll never make your way in city life—never!"

Andy laughed good humoredly.

Apparently Miss Prudence Lee was right, for the night passed away and the morning dawned, and no waterproof garment made its appearance.

"I told you so," said Prudence, as they sat at breakfast next day.

"Yes," acknowledged Andrew with a smile, "you told me so."

"Told you what!" said Harry Aymer, who had come round to pilot the young man from the country to the great wholesale house where he hoped to secure a position.

And then the whole story, naturally enough, had to be repeated to Mr. Aymer.

"Andy," said the city exquisite, "I didn't know you were such a fool."

Andrew Lee laughed.

"After all," said he, "an act of common courtesy does not make a fool of a man."

At this moment, however, there came a ring at the door bell.

Miss Prudence made all haste to answer the summons, and there stood the pretty pale young girl of the ferry boat, with a fine looking elderly gentleman at her side.

She walked through into the little breakfast room and laid a neatly folded parcel on the table.

"I have brought back the waterproof," said she; "and papa has come with me to say how much obliged we both are."

Honest Andrew, completely taken by surprise, scarcely knew in what manner to express himself, and stammered out that "it was nothing, nothing at all."

"But it was a good deal to my little girl," said the tall gentleman, approaching, with the courteous manner of a citizen of the world, "and I should be much gratified for an opportunity to return your kindness. Katie, here, wanted to bring back the wrap last night; but I persuaded her to wait until I could accompany her, and myself express my thanks for your courtesy."

Harry Amer at that moment advanced.

"It is Mr. Durivage, Andy," said he, "the senior partner of our firm."

And Andrew Lee was much surprised to find himself introduced in this unceremonious fashion to the great merchant whose favor he had been so anxious to obtain.

"We were just coming to your office, sir," explained Aymer.

"Then you may as well come along with me at once," said Mr. Durivage.

Miss Prudence Lee anxiously awaited her nephew's return that afternoon.

"Well?" cried she, eagerly, when at last his footstep rang upon the threshold.

"Well," he answered cheerily, "I have obtained the promise of an excellent situation, with every prospect of promotion."

"You are in luck," said Miss Prudence.

"I hope so," he responded.

"And wasn't it a fortunate thing that you happened to offer your waterproof to Mr. Durivage's daughter, of all persons in the world?" went on the old lady, excitedly.

"I thought" said Andy, quietly, "that you were so vitally certain that she was an imposter?"

Prudence's countenance fell.

"Well, to tell the truth, I did think so," said she; "but I suppose we're all liable to be mistaken. If I'd known she was Mr. Durivage's daughter—"

And Prue shook her head wisely.

* * * * *

"Miss Durivage to marry Andy Lee?" cried Harry Aymer. "I don't believe a word of it."

"But I do," said Mr. Moreton, the head clerk. "Lee is a fine looking young fellow, and Miss Durivage is romantic enough for anything. They say he lent her an umbrella or something, one day when she was caught in a shower."

"If I thought that was the way to win an heiress," said Aymer, "I'd buy a dozen umbrellas at once, and go out whenever it looks like a shower."

"It's a good deal in the way a fellow does these things," said Mr. Moreton, quietly.

And Prudence found herself forced to confess "that the young man from the country" had made a good career for himself, simply out of the chivalrous kindness of his own heart.

THE LITTLE WORLD.—The world of children is a republic. Equality reigns among its members. "What will your Royal Highness do to-day?" was asked of the child Henri V on his birthday, which, according to custom, was to be spent as he liked. "I want to go and make mud pies with the children in the street" answered the heir to the throne of France. In this republic there exist the bonds of acquaintanceship, easily made and snapped, the loyal friendships enduring through absence, thriving in bickerings and "make-ups;" these are the loves of infant sweet-hearts. The love of childhood has its day dreams, its jealousies, its romances. A boy of six proposed to a maid of four; she agreed to marry him. The sweetheart gravely debated when the event should take place. She said she would marry him when he could play the violin and read Latin; for being of a high spirit, she was ambitious for her lover. He doubled the value of these accomplishments, but was of opinion that it would be practical to wait until he could earn five dollars a week, like James, the gardener.

Some months since, the members of a church were called together to elect a member of the board of trustees. A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named as a very suitable person for the place; but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that in the way of business he sold liquor. On appealing to Brother Adams, one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look, was called "Bishop," he said, "What do you say, Brother Adams?" "Ah!" said Brother Adams, looking very grave, drawing up his cane with a view to emphasize and give point to what he had to say, "that is not the worst of it, (solemn shake of the head) that is not the worst of it!" "Why, Brother Adams," said the others, crowding around and looking for some other development, "what else is there?" "What else!" said Brother Adams, bringing down his cane with a rap; "he don't keep a good article. I've tried it!" The brother was not elected.

The crowded deck of a packet.—A Californian to the skipper of ditto: "I should like to have a sleeping berth, a cow, if you please." "Why, where have you been sleeping these last two nights since we left?" said the skipper. "Wal," said the Californian, "I have been a-sleeping a-top of a sick man; but he's got better now, and won't stand it any longer."

Odd Fellows—Bachelors.

FOR HER SAKE.

BY L. W.

Sweet heart, the love that lives for aye
Is all the wealth I bring;
Which neither lessens with the day,
Nor changes with the spring.
And since to love me you have deigned,
This motto will I take:
A life unsoiled, a life unstained,
For my dear lady's sake.

I care not for the world's renown,
Yet count its guerdon sweet,
Could I but win its brightest crown
And lay it at her feet.
A sinless kingdom would I fain
Of my existence make,
Where she might never blush to reign,
For my dear lady's sake.

Since all of good I have is here,
I hold my lot most dear,
With spotless sword and stainless verse
To do her honor here;
That when our dream of life be done,
Together we may wake,
And God unite our souls in one,
For my dear lady's sake.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

HERE be Mr. Paul," exclaimed several of the men when they saw the pretended landscape gardener approach.

"When did it occur?" demanded the new comer.

"It mun a been last night."

"No, no," interrupted a lad. "Jack Artles says Sir Ernest drove a friend to Cairn Cross to catch mail. He couldn t a bin back afore mornin."

"Has anyone descended into the pit yet?"

"No gettin down without ropes and ladder," replied one of the farmers. "Mr. Banks has gone to the house for help."

"It be all the fault of road commissioners," echoed the old man. "Poor gentleman!"

"Only to think of the grey mare," said a sporting rustic. "The fastest trotter in all Devonshire."

"Hang the mare!" exclaimed a female reproachfully. "I be a thinkin' of his poor mother."

The steward, followed by several keepers and servants from Wraycourt, at last arrived. In a few minutes a ladder and ropes were fixed.

Mr. Lynx was the first to descend.

"Do not touch the body," he said to those that followed. "I have frequently been upon juries and know how to proceed in these matters."

The men drew back.

The first care of the speaker was to examine the short piece of cord attached to the lantern. As he suspected, it had been cut, not broken, proof that society had a crime to punish instead of an accident to deplore. So convincing did he consider the evidence that he contrived to slip the fragment unperceived into his pocket while those around him were engaged in raising the shattered vehicle.

The body of the baronet had just been placed under a tree by the road side when Mr Berrington arrived. The detective eyed him narrowly,

"Horrible!" exclaimed his employer, as he gazed upon the features of his victim, crushed and disfigured by the mass of flint and chalk which had fallen upon them. "I cannot bear to look on him," he added with a shudder.

"I should think not," ejaculated Mr. Lynx mentally.

"What a kind hearted gentleman," whispered the rustics.

"Aye, aye," said an old man almost past labor. "Gentlefolks have a sight o' feeling for *each other*."

At any other time these would probably have been received with approbation instead of loud murmurs, on hearing which the speaker slunk away.

The same woman who had reproved the sporting rustic for his sympathy at the death of the fast trotting grey, took off her shawl and covered the mangled face of the corpse with it.

The murderer breathed more freely.

"What had best be done, sir?" inquired the steward respectfully.

"Convey the body to the west lodge," replied his master; "that is the nearest."

"Will you ride over to Alston Hall and break the intelligence to the dowager? Poor lady!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken man. "Mr. Harcourt will be the proper person."

"Here he comes," said Mr. Banks.

As he spoke the clergyman joined them.

"It is a most painful duty," he observed, when Mr Berrington repeated the suggestion; "but I dare not shrink from it. He was her only son—the last of three. One of the oldest names in Devonshire becomes extinct.

Before separating, Dr. Bray, who had heard of the accident, drove up and joined the spectators; a brief examination of the body satisfied him that all human aid had long been useless.

"It is a poor consolation," he observed, "yet still it is one, to know that he did not suffer, poor fellow. His death must have been instantaneous."

The speakers separated; Mr. Berrington and the pretended landscape gardener to return to Wraycourt.

On their way through the wood the guilty man could not avoid noticing the altered manner of his companion. Instead of walking deferentially a space or two behind him as he had formerly done, the detective now marched familiarly by his side, and once or twice forgot himself so far as to find vent in an expressive whistle, a habit with him when business turned out favourably, or circumstances took him by surprise.

Not only was the pride of his employer greatly shocked, but his fears began to be alarmed, and he decided upon coming at once to an explanation.

"As this melancholy accident," he observed, breaking the silence which was embarrassing, "renders any further investigation unnecessary, you had better return at once to London. It is my intention to pay you liberally for your services."

"You have something more than my services to pay me for," replied the man.

"Indeed!"

"Indeed," repeated Mr. Lynx with an insolent laugh.

"Explain yourself."

"My silence."

"I—I do not understand you."

"Oh yes, you do," replied the detective, drawing from his pocket the piece of rope he had so cleverly concealed.

Their eyes met, but only for an instant; the assassin could not support the ironical mocking glance of the speaker.

"The death of Sir Ernest was no accident, Mr. Berrington."

"No accident! What else could it have been?"

"A murder."

"Absurd," exclaimed the gentleman.

The look of incredulity which accompanied the word did honor to his diplomatic training.

"A murder," repeated Mr. Lynx, still more emphatically. "I have the proof. The rope which held the lantern was *cut*—not broken. Men have been hanged before now upon less evidence."

"Who could have——"

A low chuckling laugh prevented the completion of the sentence

"I think we had better not go into that question," observed the detective; "it's an uncommon awkward one for both of us. So we will let it be understood between us, at any rate for the present. Time enough to discuss it should I find myself compelled to make my suspicion public. The family of Sir Ernest no doubt would offer a liberal reward. Perhaps, as he was a baronet, government might take it up."

"Your suspicions would be laughed at," said Mr. Berrington, with affected composure.

"Would they!" replied Mr. Lynx pointing significantly to the piece of rope, which by this time he had succeeded in twisting into something painfully like a halter.

The assassin shuddered. For the first time he realised in all its horrors the danger as well as infamy of the position into which his mad jealousy had plunged him. Life and honor were at the mercy of a coarse-minded mercenary wretch, whose insolence and familiarity were even more galling than his menaces.

He saw at once the object of the speaker—money—and that there was no way but to gratify it.

"At what sum," he demanded, "do you value that curiously twisted piece of cord?"

'Coming to business," thought the detective.

The question was repeated.

"Five thousand pounds, and dirt cheap at the money."

Large as was the sum demanded the owner of Wraycourt at once agreed to pay it. It was the price of safety, and, what he valued more perhaps reputation.

"Accompany me to London," he said, "and the money shall be paid."

"*Before* the inquest?"

"Before or after—what can it signify?"

"It must be paid before," replied Mr. Lynx. "You don't get me into a false position. I am not to be done."

"Scoundrel! do you doubt——"

"Whew!" interrupted the fellow. "Better language, Mr. Berrington, or I may lose my temper, and then instead of finding its way into the fire, the piece of rope you are so anxious to purchase may get twined about your neck. Scoundrel," he repeated. "If I am a scoundrel, what are you?"

"I am half mad," exclaimed his employer, clenching his hands convulsively till the nails were buried in the palms, "and know not what I utter."

"So it seems."

"Forget the word."

"Since you apologise."

Mr. Berrington coughed in the agony of his despair.

"Do you apologise" asked the detective menacingly.

"I do."

"Humbly?"

"Very humbly," said the degraded man, all choked with passion.

"That is sufficient *between gentlemen*," observed Mr. Lynx, who appeared to feel a peculiar pleasure in trampling on the pride of the ex-diplomat, "but mind how you rile me again; I can't answer for my temepr. There is my hand," he added, " to show I bear no malice."

The Right Hon. Edward Berrington took it. The degradation was complete.

"That's hearty," continued the speaker; "no malice on either side. This affair once comfortably settled I see no reason why we should not be friends. Pleasant quarters at Wraycourt; a few days shooting occasionally will tone me up a bit. We will talk over that another time. Mind, we start for London to-night."

The arrangement was agreed to. In his confusion the wretched assassin would have consented to anything, so completley did he find himself in the power of the wily thief taker.

Although Miss Berrington had not the slightest suspicion that her brother was in anyway privy to the death of Sir Ernest, which like the rest of the world she attributed to accident, it placed her in an embarrassing position. Her sister-in-law had only to declare the name of the person driven by the baronet to meet the mail, and all her fine-spun schemes vanished into thin air: an explanation and reconciliation must ensue, to the destruction of the influence she exercised over the jealous husband.

This was a result the evil minded woman felt determined to prevent, and her invention and tact proved equal to the occasion.

Under a pretence of care for the health of their mistress she strictly forbade the servants from giving the slightest hint of what had occurred, adding that she would break the intelligence herself.

This was accomplished so cleverly that Clara was assured of her father's safety before she even suspected the miserable fate of his unhappy friend.

After satisfying the exorbitant demand of Mr. Lynx, the murderer returned to Wraycourt in time to be present at the inquest. The calmness with which he gave his evidence contrasted strangely with his haggard looks, attributed naturally to the fatigue of his recent journey.

The verdict was accidental death.

At the funeral of the murdered man Mr. Berrington carried his hypocrisy so far as to assist as pall bearer, and headed the subscription for a public monument to his memory by a large sum. Men praised his liberality and good feeling, and he became more popular than ever in the neighborhood.

The assassin vainly endeavoured to persuade himself that he had nothing now to fear. The evidence has been destroyed, the only witness silenced. Suspicion had not pointed a finger at him and yet he could not rest; a voice no ear but his could hear haunted him in the still hours of the night, a bruised and mangled form appeared to him in his broken dreams; the curse of blood was upon his soul forbidding him to rest.

There was something wonderful in the amount of self control exercised by the guilty man. His mental sufferings were visible only in his features; in the manner he appeared courteous and kind—spoke of his failing health, the torturing pains which racked his head, as the result of change of climate.

Dr. Bray treated him for neuralgia, and wondered at the obstinacy of the disease.

About four months after the death of Sir Ernest Mrs. Berrington gave birth to a son. Man cannot comprehend the deep and holy joy, the placid sweet content which filled the youthful mother's heart as the new-born infant nestled to her breast. In her great happiness, the recollection even of past sorrows were obliterated. God had given her something to love with an undivided love, a solace and blessing.

How wondrous and beautiful are the feelings of maternal love! How strong in their weakness! How weak in their strength! They circle our cradle with a thousand tender cares, watch over us in youth, guard us in manhood, and appeal to us through memory from the grave. Philosophy cannot comprehend the mystery, for its source is heaven; and human science fails when it pursues its searches there.

Mr. Berrington was in his chamber waiting the event when Dr. Bray announced to him that he was a father of a healthy boy.

The unhappy man fell on his knees by the side of the bed, and buried his face with the coverlet, to conceal the working of those evil passions which were gradually leading him to destruction.

"Curse her!" he muttered between his clenched teeth. "Curse her for a wanton."

"He is praying," thought the kind-hearted messenger, and silently quitted the room.

Curse her!" repeated the jealous fool. "Curse her! She shall pay me for the disgrace, the crime, the agony, she has heaped upon me. Her punishment shall equal her offence I must be calm," he continued, twisting his fingers in his hair, to control, if possible, by physical pain, the mental tortures he endured; "dress my face in smiles false as my heart, thank her for the gift; listen to the congratulations of friends and act the part of a happy father—father to an heir which is not mine, the offspring of her shame. A boy!" he added, with a bitter laugh. "Thank Heaven he is to bear the name of Bouchier. I will make him her infamy, her curse."

In the prospect of vengeance thus dimly shadowed by his morbid imagination, the speaker found strength to perform the task he had set himself; not only visiting his wife, but carrying his hypocrisy so far as to kiss and thank her for giving him a son.

"You have not seen him yet, Edward," said the proud and happy mother, discovering the infant sleeping by her side. "Have you not a blessing for your child?"

The resolution of the self deceived husband nearly gave way, and he pressed his hand to his burning brow.

Clara regarded him with innocent wonder.

"Those fearful pains," whispered Miss Berrington, who was seated near the bed. "They torture him."

"Poor Edward," murmured his wife, "poor Edward. I am very sorry to see you suffer."

"Does she mock me?" thought the owner of Wraycourt.

"It is past," he said, with an affection of joy. "Let me look upon the child. You asked me for a blessing upon him," he added, extending his hands over the unconscious object of his hatred. "May he inherit his mother's virtue, truth and honor, and his career be prosperous as his father's."

Fortunately Clara could not see the cold and bitter sneer upon the lips of her husband as she pronounced the words, which he had no sooner uttered than he quitted the room.

"Mr Berrington's sufferings are more than usually intense to day," observed the physican. "I feared it would be so when I witnessed the overpowering joy and thankfulness with which he received the intelligence. Excitement is bad for him," he added.

It must have made him very happy," replied his patient. "Must it not, Elizabeth?"

Her sister in law gave one of her deceitful smiles.

It appears that in all earthly bliss there is doomed to be some alloy. The young mother would have felt her cup of joy filled to overflowing, had not Dr. Bray positively forbidden that she should nourish the infant herself. In vain did she remonstrate and entreat him to alter his decision; the worthy man continued firm.

"I am answerable for your life, my dear Mrs. Berrington," he said. "At present everything is most satisfactory, but we must run no risks. You know me too well to suspect that without sufficient reason I would deny your nature's dearest privilege. In a few weeks, perhaps."

This was merely a ruse to reconcile Clara to delegate her pleasing duty to another.

Three months passed without any important event occuring at Wraycourt. Its mistress had recovered her health, and felt almost reconciled to the prohibition of Doctor Bray when she saw the devoted fondness of the faithful nurse he had recommended for her charge

Just as winter had set in with more than usual rigor, a letter arrived from Germany announcing the illness of Mr. Bouchier. The exile had written a postcript to his son-in-law, imploring as a last happiness to see his daughter once more before he died.

"You will take me, Edward," exclaimed his wife, imploringly. "I must see my dear kind parent."

"You forget you are a mother," was the reply.

"Alwyn can go with us," urged Clara. The boy, at Mr. Berrington's request, had been named after his grandfather.

"I will not risk the life of my heir," observed her husband, bitterly.

Under any other circumstances, the agitated pleader would have noticed this unusual interest for the health of his son, whom he rarely or ever noticed.

After making a thousand difficulties and objections, urged only for the unmanly pleasure of distressing her, he at last consented to accompany her to Germany but only on condition that the infant was left behind

Whatever Dr. Bray's private opinions of his decision, he affected to approve of the arrangement, not to afflict the sorrowing mother more.

"Prudence my dear Mrs. Berrington," he observed, "is the parent of safety. A long journey at this inclement season of the year might prove dangerous for so young a traveler. You may leave Alwyn to his nurse's care and mine. We will both watch over him."

Such were the parting words of the kind old man as his weeping patient entered the carriage which was to convey her from Wraycourt.

Her husband smiled when he heard the promise.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEW days after the departure of the Berringtons, Mrs. Brianly received a letter from her brother, the rich London lawyer. It was written in his dry, unsympathising style, and enclosed

five pounds for the expense of her son's journey to town.

"You need not spend it on dressing him out," said the writer. "I want no idlers or fine gentlemen in my office. My nephew must work hard, as I have done. As he conducts himself so will I treat him."

This was rather hard to a mother about to part for the first time with her only child; still she had one consolation. The word of John Quarl, however ungracefully given, she knew to be sacred.

"I don't fear work," observed Tom, after perusing the letter twice. "He won't frighten me with that. But——"

A slight quivering of the lip cut short the rest of his words.

"What is that you do fear?" said Mrs Briarly, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Fear!" repeated the youth; "nothing, mother. But I shall miss your kiss at night, your smile to reward my labor. You little think," he added, "how it cheered me when my courage began to flag at my studies. It will be a sad exchange: your kind loving face for my uncle's parchment visage, dry and ungenial as his heart."

"It is not an unkind one, Tom," replied the widow. "His worldiness is only on the surface. There is good beneath it. Don't look at me so doubtfully. You know I would not deceive you."

"Not willingly, mother."

"His offer to you proves that I am right."

"I am not so sure of that," replied her son thoughtfully. "I should have felt more grateful to him if he had shown kindness to you in your poverty. He knew how you were left."

"And acted wisely," said the widow, uneasy at the tone the conversation had taken. "My brother knew by experience that privations bravely encountered are the stepping stones to success in life. Had I been differently situated," she continued, "I might have indulged you in many youthful pleasures which poverty compelled me to deny; have felt less anxious for your education; urged you less frequently to study. Your uncle doubtless foresaw this weakness, and armed my heart against itself."

"Special pleading mother!" exclaimed Tom. "Special pleading! I know that you felt his unkindness. Have I not witnessed all you endured?"

Mrs Briarly smiled faintly at the assertion. She was brave, her courage was of the heart, and had never permitted him to know half her privations.

It is very easy to act the part of a hero or heroine, with an admiring, sympathising audience looking on, cheering and applauding us in the contest; but it is the unwitnessed battle, the secret wounds, the silent sufferings, that give a real claim to the title.

There are thousands of combatants in the world, patient, enduring, and self-sacrificing strong only in their affections, still fighting their hard fight, whose victories will be recorded by no other monument than the grateful recollections of those for whom they are struggling.

We have no right to complain of this, seeing it is what the athletes themselves would choose.

Although as unlike as possible to the fast youths of the present day, Tom Briarly began to consider himself a man, but his manhood was sorely tried when the moment arrived to pronounce the sad word "farewell;" when he felt the lips of his mother quiver as they pressed his cheek with the agony which only a mother's heart can know; when he saw the tears resolutely repressed in her dear loving eyes till he should have passed the threshold of her humble home, then to flow in solitude and silence.

"God bless you and sustain you," he murmured, as he released her from his lingering fond embrace. "I know how desolate home will be without me. I will write to you daily, think of you always, love you while life lasts, my dear good mother."

A kiss more eloquent than words replied to him.

Tom felt that it would be unwise to prolong the pain of parting. With an effort he tore himself away and quitted the cottage to overtake the cart which was conveying his luggage to Cairn Cross, where he was to catch the mail.

The widow sank upon her knees, seeking strength in prayer.

"Into thy hands, O God," she murmured, "I commit him. Be thou a father to my fatherless boy; guard him in truth and virtue; shield him from the snares which beset incautious youth, from his own passions and the heart's trials."

A footstep startled her. It was her son. He had returned to snatch another kiss, to breathe a last word of consolation to her in her loneliness.

Mrs. Briarly sprang from her knees with a cry of joy, and clasped him once more in her arms.

"I will prove worthy of you, worthy my honest father's name," exclaimed the youth deeply moved. "Do not doubt me, do not fear for me, mother, gratitude and affection will make my resolution strong. No matter how hard the battle it shall be won. I'll win honor for your declining years, respect and competence. The sacrifice you have made for me must not prove a vain one."

How many, high in hope, fresh in courage, have quitted their homes with a similiar promise. Unfortunately, where one has reached the goal proposed, hundreds have been wrecked. Time will show whether Tom Briarly failed or whether his resolution kept.

At seven o'clock the following morning the young traveller arrived in London. Like most lads brought up in the country, he had heard much of the tricks practised upon the inexperienced, and resolved that no one should trick him. Not seeing the person his uncle had said would meet him, he gathered his boxes together in a corner of the inn yard and sat down upon them by way of mounting guard till he came.

Porters and touters offered their services. They were civilly declined.

"But you can't wait here all day," observed one of the men.

"No intention of doing so," replied Tom.

"Shall I take your things into the office?" demanded a second.

"They will do very well here."

"Can't allow it," added a third. "We haven't room to swing a cat."

"How soon will you want to swing one?" enquired the youth with an affected simplicity.

A loud laugh followed the question.

"At five minutes ten seconds to eight precisely," answered the man, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and winking to his companions, who seemed to enjoy the joke highly. "We does it for an appetite, and a fust-rate one it gives us, I can tell you."

"I suppose you cut the cat's claws first," observed Tom gravely.

The porters began to suspect that the young man sitting so resolutely upon the hair-trunk, and guarding his carpet-bag and hat-box between his knees, was not so green as they imagined.

This species of chaff had lasted several minutes when a well-dressed, but rather rakish-looking young fellow, with a certain watery appearance about the eyes, hastily entered the inn yard. Evidently he had been running to make up for lost time.

"Devon mail in!" he demanded, catching his breath.

"This 'arf hour," answered one of the porters.

An exclamation, which did not certainly sound like a benediction, had partially escaped the lips of the inquirer when his eyes fell upon the person of our hero and he checked himself.

"Mr. Briarly," he said, advancing towards him.

"That is my name, sir. And yours?"

"Driver. Mr. Quarl's clerk. Come to meet you—all right. Call a coach, one of you fellows, and look sharp. Your uncle will be waiting breakfast for you, and savage as a bear. Always is," he added in a lower tone.

To the great annoyance of the speaker, Tom not only assisted on having his luggage placed inside the vehicle, that he might keep an eye upon it, but counted the packages twice.

"Afraid of being robbed," observed his new acquaintance as they drove off.

"Can't be too careful. So many rascals in London, I hear."

"No danger with me to look after you," said the clerk with a patronising air. "I am up to all their tricks. Know a thing or two. Curse that box, it has nearly broke my shin."

Tom quietly replaced it on the seat from which it had slipped.

"And so you are going to be a lawyer?"

"I believe so."

"Articled?"

"I hope so."

"At once?"

"Don't know."

"You are not very communicative," observed the clerk.

"Not to strangers."

"Nor curious?"

"How did you find that out?" demanded the youth with a smile.

"By you not asking me a single question respecting your uncle," was the reply.

"And can't you tell me why I have not?"

"No."

"Because I prefer drawing my own conclusions to accepting the opinions of others," said Tom.

"Conceited puppy," mentally ejaculated Mr. Driver, who had his private reasons for disliking him.

"Wants to pump me," thought the lad.

Neither of them spoke again till the hackney coach drew up in front of a grim, dingy, professional looking red brick house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"You need not say I was too late to meet you," observed the clerk as they entered the passage.

"Not unless I am asked."

"And then?"

"Then I must tell the truth."

"I don't see the necessity of it."

"I do," answered Tom drily.

The lawyer, who had advanced as far as the end of the hall to meet his young relative overheard both the request and the reply. The last pleased him. Like most old bachelors he had his oddities; he was odd in his opinions, odd in his habits and person, but still a gentleman in the best acceptation of the word.

"I'll thank you, Mr. Driver," he said, "not to teach my nephew to lie. Be content with your own proficiency that way without seeking to impart it to others."

The clerk rapidly disappeared.

"I am glad to see you," continued the speaker, holding out his hand to his young relative. "That is to say, I trust I shall be glad. Follow me; the servants will see to your luggage; breakfast has been waiting this half-hour."

Mr. Quarl led the way to a very plainly-furnished apartment, in the centre of which stood a small table rather scantily spread, considering that two persons were to partake of the meal, and one of them a hungry lad. There were two French rolls, two little pats of butter, and a couple of eggs; the tea-service, however, was of silver, and everything scrupulously clean. More than once during the repast Tom detected the keen gray eyes of his uncle fixed upon his countenance with a searching expression, as if he would read him thoroughly. The last time he caught them, he looked up into his face and smiled.

"You are very much like your mother," said the lawyer.

"So I have been told, sir, and am very glad you have noticed it."

"Why so?"

His nephew hesitated.

"Did you not hear my question?"

"Because it proves you have not forgotten her."

Mr. Quarl colored slightly.

"Have you any acquaintances in London?" he added.

"Only one: Frank Beecham, the son of a gentleman at Wraycourt. We were schoolfellows; companions; friends; almost brothers."

"You believe in friendship then?"

"Of course I do," replied Tom, greatly surprised.

Mr Quarl laughed bitterly.

"I fear I do not quite understand you, sir," added the youth, pained without exactly knowing why.

"You will do so," said the old gentleman with a sigh. "And how long has Frank Beecham been in town?"

"Six months, sir."

"Then by this time he is doubtless initiated into all its vices; as hollow, deceitful, and false as the rest of humankind."

"False and deceitful!" repeated his nephew indignantly. "You don't know him."

"I know the world," said his uncle gloomily.

"I do not envy you the knowledge, sir, if it leads me to such conclusions," was the reply. "Frank is truth, honor, and sincerity itself. I am sorry if my words offend, but I must speak my thoughts. It would be treason to friendship to conceal them."

"I am not offended," observed the lawyer calmly.

"And will not object, I trust, to my intimacy with Frank?"

"Not at present," answered his relative. "As well learn the bitter lessons of life from him as another," he added with a sigh.

Tom naturally began to wonder whether having been kept waiting for his breakfast half an hour had put the speaker in such a savage humor, and asked himself what it would have been if he had gone without it. Mr. Quarl, too, felt annoyed, dissatisfied. The tone he had given to the conversation was not the one calculated to win the confidence of the youth, or convey an impression of kindness, and yet he wished to do both.

Believing that a little liberality might heal the breach, he inquired of his nephew what money he had brought with him to London.

"The five pounds you sent me. Mother insisted on my taking it."

"Your mother was a fool for her pains," answered his uncle petulantly.

The words no sooner escaped his lips than he would have given much to recall them. Their effect upon Tom was electrical. He started from his seat at the breakfast table, his eyes flashing fire through the tears of outraged affection.

"She is no fool," he exclaimed, "and none but a bad hearted man would call her so in my presence. She is respected and beloved by all who knew her. Submitting to privations you can form no idea of, she not only paid my father's debts but educated me—beyond my station, but, thank Heaven, I can return to it, and I prefer doing so to acting the part of a pitiful, ungrateful wretch—to hearing the name I most love and venerate outraged by one who has not the heart to understand her."

As he concluded, the speaker walked towards the door with the fixed determination of leaving the house at once.

"Stay," said the lawyer, deeply moved. "Where would you go?"

"Into the world, sir, as others have done."

"To struggle and fail."

"That does not follow," answered the nephew resolutely. "You have succeeded."

"Shall I tell you the cost of my success?" demanded Mr. Quarl, advancing towards him and placing his hand upon his shoulder. "At the sacrifice of my confidence in human nature—trust in my fellow-man. At the time your father died I was on the eve of bankruptcy—beggary—ruin—through the treachery of one I deemed my friend. Do you wonder at my mistrust of friendship? The world never knew my losses," he continued. "It would only have laughed at them; so I kept the wound secret—allowed it to bleed inwardly. Possibly it has gangrened. Forgive my hasty words. I did not mean to be unkind—unjust."

The youth regarded him doubtfully.

"I would give half I possess," added the old man, "to feel and know myself the object of an affection as true as yours for your widowed mother."

"It is not to be bought," said Tom proudly.

"That I know."

"It can only be won."

"That I feel," said his uncle. "Recollection has been more than usually bitter with me to-day. Give me your hand."

His nephew gave it.

"You are not the raw country lad I expected," observed his relative. "Your character, I perceive, is formed. Perhaps it is all for the best. I might have exercised a morbid, unhealthy influence over you. You have taken your position," he added, "and shall have fair play. Without controlling, I shall watch you narrowly. Indiscretion I can look over; falsehood, meanness, or trickery, never."

Mr. Quarl rang the bell twice. It was answered by the housekeeper, a prim, sedate-looking person, who cast—at least, Tom imagined so—a dissatisfied glance towards him as she entered the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONCE IN A CENTURY.

ONCE in a century, perhaps, the world is startled by a great revolution. Not a revolution in political government; hardly a revolution in the social structure; but one of those mightier convulsions—more nearly resistless than the march of armies—which suddenly displace old methods in some great industry, and instal newer, more rapid, less restricted processes in their places. Such a revolution as this has been quietly ripening in this city for some months—so quietly that not a score of people, even at this eleventh hour in the history of the enterprise, can point out the little room where the inventor and his assistants have been patiently and laboriously working out the problem before them.

It was our privilege to see this new marvel in the brief interval between the attainment of success and the completion of the preliminaries necessary to its launching upon the world. Of course we are not going to set forth the affair in detail; but it may be interesting to know the scope of the revolution which is coming. A few words will make this plain:

Millions of dollars are invested, almost the world over, in the production of such printing types as are used in this article; and tens of millions are paid annually for the handling of them—setting them up into words, sentences, and columns, and distributing them after use. Now the little mechanical wonder to which we have alluded dispenses entirely with the types, and of course with the handling of them. Upon a floor space of two by three feet stands a machine which will produce a longer column of reading matter than could be set up with all the types ever turned out of the largest type foundry. Nay, it could print an unabriged dictionary, or all the novels ever written, and be no nearer exhaustion at the end of the task than at the beginning. All this, too, without type, and doing the work with a mathematical exactness unattainable by the hand, and at a speed which would distance half a dozen fast compositors.

The mind is lost in the contemplation of the far reaching effects of this latest mechanical marvel, covering, as they will, the whole province of the great art preservative of all arts. Said a Franklin Institute committeeman the other day, referring to this machine: "The invention of movable types was the greatest invention the world ever saw; but greater still will be the invention which dispenses with movable types."

A farmer who told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent gun that went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did it happen? Must have been a queer gun." "Not at all," said the farmer; "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes, yes," cried Lord Kames, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

TWO LOVERS.

BY G. E.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing,
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
While petals on the pathway slept.
O pure eyed bride!
O tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked;
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell upon their knees,
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there:
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left the lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone about the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

Our Quarter Section.

BY M. M. W.

IT was near midnight. I had been in bed several hours when the barking of my two dogs, and a loud voice calling out, "Halloo, George, wake up and open the door," awoke me out of a sound sleep, and getting up I went down to see who demanded admittance at this time of night.

"Is it you, Harry?" I asked of my wife's brother, who stood in the moonlight before me. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," he answered, and passed in. I shut the door, stirred up the smouldering embers, put on a pine knot or two, and sat down to hear what he had to say. My wife had also arisen, and coming forward asked of her brother if all were well.

"Yes, Mary," he replied; "but I have startling news for you both."

"What is it?" we asked in a breath.

"It is that John Payne, your neighbor, intends starting to-morrow morning to Chillicothe to enter your quarter section."

"To enter my quarter section!" I exclaimed, springing from my chair as if an adder had stung me. "Is this true?"

"Too true," was the solemn reply.

"Great God!" I cried in agony; "what must I do?"

"You must spare neither time nor horseflesh, but go at once and enter it yourself," was the answer.

"Enter it myself? I could not raise half the sum at this present moment to save my life were it in danger."

I was walking the floor in dire distress; my wife put her hands up before her face, and I saw the tears trickling through her fingers. You will wonder at our distress, for you cannot comprehend the dismay these tidings brought to my wife and I. Five years before, taking each other for better or worse, we had linked our fates together, and with all our earthly belongings, which consisted of a pair of stout arms and a sharp axe on my part, and two nimble feet and a spinning wheel on hers, we had squatted on this quarter section, intending by hard labor and strict economy to enter it as soon as we could scrape together the necessary amount to do so.

It was a common thing at that early day for squatters to settle on land belonging to the government, and after a residence of four or five years, pay for it, no one being the wiser unless they examined the books at Chillicothe, which few did, there being land enough and to spare; besides, the custom of the country would hold the man in general abhorrence who would enter his neighbor's claim so surreptitiously. On this I based my security.

Heaven had blessed our efforts. The wilderness blossomed as the rose, the rich acres which I could see from the window were smiling under their load of golden grain, my cattle reposed on the hillsides, and my three blooded horses munched their hay in the stable. I had also the satisfaction of knowing that the fine lot of hogs I was fattening, and which were contentedly snoozing in their pen at that hour, would bring me the means by which I could become the proud possessor of my own land.

John Payne, my neighbor, owned the rest of the section, and was as greedy and miserly an old scrub as ever cut a bush on a forty acre lot. He had looked with covetous eyes on the broad lands I had cleared, and knowing I had not yet entered them, saw a chance to scoop up our hard-earned wealth, and turn us out of doors in the midst of an approaching winter, without a roof over our heads or a shanty in which to store my grain or shelter my stock, which he hoped to get at his own price. No wonder I walked the floor in agony of spirit as this picture of destitution rose up before me, for though possessed of all this wealth I was poor in regard to money. Produce was low, the market distant, and money scarce. I saw nothing but ruin before me.

"Don't fret, Mary," said Henry to my wife, who still wept silently; "and you, George, sit down and let us talk this matter over. I think I can devise a way to get you out of this difficulty."

I sat down gloomily, for I saw no way of escape for me, unless sickness or death interfered with my neighbor's plans.

"You know the old man Williams?" Henry began.

"Yes."

"Well he has a land warrant for just your number of acres, and I heard him say that he would not settle it, having no boys, and being too old and feeble to clear the land himself. Now I propose going to him and purchase this warrant if we can. If this meets your approval, let us start at once."

I ran for my horse, for even this gleam of hope put new life in my veins, and in a short time we were riding rapidly towards Williams place some ten miles off. Our horses were good travelers, and in an hour and a half we had reached his house, when, acceding at once to his terms, he readily agreed to transfer his warrant to me, but in order to do this in a legal manner he must accompany me to Chillicothe.

"That I cannot do," said the old man. "My horse is dead."

"Mount behind George, old man," said Henry. "He will find you a horse when you get to his house. And now," he continued, as the old man got up behind me, "make your way as fast as possible to Chillicothe, let nothing detain you. Good bye, and good luck."

Day was breaking when we passed out of the gate on our way to Chillicothe, where the Land Office was then located. Mounted on good horses we traveled rapidly, and by noon had made half the distance, when a halt for rest and refreshment became necessary. This was soon dispatched, and we were on the point of leaving the hotel when a fit of the colic seized my old gentleman, and all further traveling for the present was out of the question. As the old man writhed in his agony, the image of John Payne at my heels made me groan aloud as I thought of the willing hands, the self-denial, and the privations endured by her who was at that moment torn by doubts and fears as well as myself, and the hope of our lives that had lightened the labor of many a weary hour, all demolished by this, to me, fatal attack of sickness. But fortune was still my friend. A hot and steaming potion administered by the landlord put the old gentleman to rights, and we were about to resume our journey when Payne, at a brisk trot, dashed by the window.

I gave a wail of distress. "There he goes," I exclaimed, "and my land is gone!"

"He goes! What land?" asked the landlord, startled by my despairing cry.

"John Payne, to enter my quarter section!"

"I know the old hunks, and he shall not, if I can help you. Do you know the way by Carston's Mill?"

"I do not."

"Then I will furnish a guide, and you can head him off by a good ten miles."

"A thousand thanks, and good pay besides."

"No matter, mount your horses. Your guide will be ready in a few moments."

We had not long to wait, when a young man on a stout Mexican pony made his appearance and beckoned us to follow him. We took to the woods, and after a rough ride of ten or twelve miles through the timber, emerged on the highway, where our guide left us.

The sun was sinking in the west when we reached Chillicothe. Without halting, we proceeded at once to a lawyer, where I made known my business, and pleaded the urgency of dispatch.

"No need of such haste," said Mr. Kingsley. "The agent left town this afternoon at three, and will not return before seven."

My heart fell, another obstacle; but he continued giving his pen a trial as he finished writing.

"Go to your hotel, and when Mr. Henderson returns I will wait upon him, and perhaps I can persuade him to open his office again to night and settle this business for you."

I seized his hands in a transport of joy.

"God bless you, Mr. Kingsley," I cried. "Do this for me, and you will never regret it."

"I will do my best," he answered. And so we parted, he going to his home, and I and my old gentleman to an hotel.

We had not been there more than an hour when Mr. Kingsley entered and informed me that the agent had gone to his office, and would transact my business for me as soon as we were ready to attend him. We were soon there and the entry duly made, and all the trouble and distress of the preceding day and night were alike forgotten, for I was now a happy man, and owner of my own domain.

The agent was closing his books, and I was putting the deed safely in my pocket, when the door opened, and Payne entered the office. He gave a look of surprise at me, walked straight to the agent, and laid a paper on the desk.

"I wish to enter that quarter section," he said.

The agent took up the paper, looked at it, and laid it down again.

"Too late, Mr. Payne," he said. "This land is already entered."

"Already entered!" he cried. "When, and by whom?"

"By that gentleman there, and just a few moments ago."

"Surely that cannot be, for I know well he had not the money to pay for it."

"Neither did he pay money for it, Mr. Payne," said the agent.

"Then how did he get it?"

"By as good a title from Washington as you or any other man need wish to have—a land warrant. Do you wish to see it?"

He muttered something, turned from the desk, looked fiercely at me, and passed out of the office. We followed, and that was the last we saw of John Payne in Chillicothe.

The next morning we left the city, and traveled at a more leisurely pace homewards than on the preceding day. It was late in the night when we reached my home. The moon was at the full, and a blessed peace seemed resting on all around; but more blessed still was the peace that reigned in my own bosom. A bright light shone in the window, showing that my wife had not yet retired to rest. It was easy to guess the cause. Suspense and anxiety had chased sleep from her eyelids. The joyful whining and barking of my dogs as we approached the house, roused her from the half slumber into which she had fallen, and rushing out she exclaimed:

"Oh, George, my husband, have you saved our home?"

For answer, I took her in my arms, kissed her tenderly, and placed the precious document in her hands. She raised her eyes to heaven, and her lips moved in silent prayer. I knew what she was saying, and the words found an answering echo in my own heart.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.—Some of the customs and superstitions of the black natives of Australia are very peculiar. The idea is generally entertained by them that they at their decease go to Van Diemen's Land, and come back white fellows. They have no belief in death from natural causes. All deaths they consider to be the result of accident, malice, or magic. When a death occurs, they decide that the deceased person's kidney fat has been stolen away in sleep by some enemy, aided by magic. The body is tied up immediately in a lump, tightly drawn together, body and limbs, by strips of bark and cords; and he, and every kind of property belonging to him, scrupulously and superstitiously—war implements, his opossum rug, guns, if he has any, even double-barrelled ones, although ever so highly valued—are broken; and these with the white and black money, in spite of itching hands longing to take it; everything, in fact, goes with him into his grave, religiously. Gravely also is it whispered into the ear of the dead man, that he may rest satisfied in his grave; that his black friends will, without fail, avenge his death. And in consideration of this arrangement, he is requested to refrain from terrifying his old friends and tribe; that he must not haunt them with alien voices, or the foot marks of strange feet about their encampments. The mourners wear their white paint mourning, never washing themselves, even if months elapse, before they have performed their vows to the deceased. When they have tasted the enemy's flesh, the mourning ceases. To discover in what direction the enemy of the dead is to be found, they take an insect, and observe in what direction it crawls: and that is an infallible indication. In that quarter they go, no matter how far: the first native crossing their path is the murderer of the dead, and in his turn becomes the murdered. One death, even a natural one, thus becomes, through ignorance and superstitious custom, the cause of many unnatural deaths. Another of their inhuman and inhospitable superstitions is that regarding strangers. Immediately that a strange native is found by any tribe in their neighborhood, all the people are in a state of tumult, yelling, and getting ready their weapons of war for his instant destruction; for their belief is, that if they do not kill him, they will themselves generally, and most fatally, be visited with dysentery.

Whisky drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to to his character—therefore whisky is a non-conductor, and consequently it is best to let it alone.

Kitty Blanchard Rankin.

Messrs. W. RIKER & SON:

GENTLEMEN:—Having used and thoroughly tested your "American Face Powder" during the past three months, I take pleasure in saying that it is the best powder for the toilet that I have ever used. Yours Respectfully,

KITTY BLANCHARD RANKIN.

Farm and Garden.

SEED CORN.—Always select even rowed ears and ears whose rows are straight and regular on the cob. Ears that taper are the best because better protected by the husks and then, too, the silk—the female part of the plant—remains longer. The reason for selecting the top ear for seed is that it is always more fully developed, more uniform and more vigorous in its germination, having been better fertilized when in the silk.

CRYSTALLIZED BOUQUETS.—For crystallizing a bouquet, suspend over a tub or other vessel; and having made a solution of alum in boiling water, pour it over it when scalding hot, taking care that it reaches every part; use a pound of alum to a quart of water, or more in proportion. After having poured the solution over them, let them remain for at least twelve hours, and then you will find them dry, with a sparkling crystal glistening from every spray.

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.—A correspondent says that while on a visit in the fall to a friend, he was surprised to see the number of eggs he daily obtained. He had but sixteen hens, and the product per diem averaged thirteen eggs. He was in the habit of giving, on every alternate day, a teaspoonful and a quarter of cayenne pepper, mixed with soft food, and took care that each hen obtained her share. The experiment of omitting the pepper was tried, when it was found that the number of eggs was reduced each trial from five to six daily. The moderate use of this stimulant not only increases the number of eggs, but effectually wards off diseases to which chickens are subject.

RAISING PLANTS FROM SEEDS.—Raising from seed is easy, provided you give gentle heat and protection from the sun. We sow in February or March in boxes two or three inches deep, filled with fine loam, though sand should be added if the soil is not porous, make the surface smooth with a board, and water with a fine rose pot; let it stand for an hour or two; sow the seed thinly and cover with the slightest amount of fine soil, say about one-eighth of an inch, be careful not to give too much water; when the seedlings are up, a lower temperature is required and give abundance of air. When they have formed four or five leaves, pot each separately and repot as required. Thorough drainage, abundance of air and moderate watering are the chief requirements of this plant.

FERN PICTURES.—To make them take a sheet of strong white paper, and with an atomizer pass over it with a spray of diluted mucilage, so as to obtain a thin and slightly sticky film, that will make the ferns adhere of which it is desired to make the picture. The ferns and leaves must first have been pressed in a book, and after arranging them to suit your taste, cause them to lie as closely to the paper as possible; fill an atomizer with very dilute India ink and blow a spray over the ferns, more or less in proportion as you want a darker or lighter shade. It is well to do this with intermissions, letting it dry a little, so as to avoid an excess of moisture and possibility of running into liquid drops. When nearly dry, but still a little moist, remove the ferns, which may be used over again several times.

Scientific and Useful.

IRON CEMENT.—The following is an iron cement which is unaffected by red heat:—Four parts by weight, iron filings, two parts clay, one part fragments of fire-brick. Reduce to the size of rape-seed and mix together, working the whole into a stiff paste with a saturated solution of salt.

COOKING ODORS.—Many housekeepers banish palatable and nutritious dishes from the cuisine because of the unpleasant odors arising therefrom during the process of cooking. This objection may be overcome by putting a small piece of red pepper the size of a wafer, into the meat or vegetables when they first begin to boil.

STREET SWEEPINGS, ETC.—It seems that the borough of Leeds, Eng., has been able to dispose of street sweepings etc., not only satisfactorily, but profitably, by means of a "destructor" recently invented. The destructor consists of six cells or compartments, formed of ordinary brick, and lined with fire bricks. It covers an area of 22 feet by 24 feet, and it is 12 feet in height. Each of the six cells is capable of destroying 7 tons of refuse in 24 hours.

ICE CAVES.—There is a large cave on Arrow Creek, in Montana, which contains a mass of solid ice half an acre in superficial area, and, as yet, of unknown depth. This cave is a great resort for game of all kinds. May it not be possible that the ice-forming nature of certain caves in prehistoric times attracted to such caves the various animals whose remains were discovered within this century have some, though on the whole a rather unsatisfactory and very incomplete light, upon the state of our globe eons ago?

AROUND THE WORLD.—There has been devised and published a game which is likely to be of service not only as a really interesting amusement, but also as a means of acquiring a considerable knowledge of navigation and meteorology. It is entitled "the game of a voyage round the world," and is played on a large board representing the oceans, suitably divided for counting by knots, and with hazards in the shape of cyclones, collisions, etc., which add excitement to the game. The game is played by means of a number of small models of ships of various kinds, and cards on which the number of knots is marked, within which the players may move. Logs are kept, watches appointed, and a captain of the watch is set to record distances, etc.

GLASS CLOTH.—Glass cloths in warp and woof have recently been made by a Pittsburg firm. These fabrics are very beautiful, and for certain purposes they are obviously useful. The threads are made in this way: Ordinary glass in the shape of a rod, white or colored, is heated by a sort of blowpipe process until a thread of it is caught on a wheel 8½ feet in diameter, having a face about a foot wide, and making 300 revolutions a minute; and the heat is kept up on the glass rod so that it is drawn out in a fine thread upon the wheel. The faster the wheel turns the finer the thread, of course. When the threads are unwound from the wheel they are cut into the required lengths and woven on an apparatus differing slightly from the loom usually employed in weaving silk. The manufacturers do not apparently claim that they have fully perfected their process.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1881.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"LADY HUTTON'S WARD."—Chapters IX, X and XI.

THE LOST WIFE"—Chapter XIII Continued, and Chapters XIV and XV.

"LADY MARGERIE"—Chapter XXI Continued, and Chapters XXII, XXIII and XXIV.

GHOST STORIES.

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PATIENCE.

OF all the beautiful characteristics which adorn human nature in its best estate, there is not one more beautiful than that of patience. Nor is there one amid the ups and downs of life is more often tested or of greater service to a man or his friends. In the household it is indispensable; in the social world it is more than an ornament; while in relation to personal success and failure it is more than a single virtue—it is a philosophy. Half the possible bravery in the bravest life is seen in endurance. And while endurance might not be called the soul of patience, it might be called the body of it—a body, too, that is stout, compact, and sinewed. Patience has its varied expressions, as do all the great virtues. They are like individuals, and they have their moods, and at different times they are revealed in a different fashion. There are times in life when the road which leads to success must be paved with waiting; and this waiting tries the very fibre of courage. But they who know how to wait, know how to win. And if it were not for death, granted the other necessary conditions, it might be that waiting would bring us all we desire, and, as death interrupts us but little, and it may be in nothing that is essential to us, it may be, perhaps, that they who wait even unto death find on the other side of the gloomy hills eternal sunrise.

But not only has patience the element of waiting in itself, but also of endurance. The apostle said that "Charity endured all things," and if love cannot be patient, how shall one call it love? For true affection has within itself a faith in the security of its own destiny which will indeed make it able to endure all things. And the history of the world shows that love has endure distance, dungeons, and death. And of all things under heaven nothing is so patient as love. And this is so because of that law by which it is ordained that whatever mood or sentiment is nobler than others in our nature, that one is the divinest of them all.

So, then, let us all cultivate—for all mood are subject to culture, being in their nature vital and growthful—let us all cultivate the habit of patience. It might also be called an art; for patience is greatly assisted by our way of looking at things. It is said that a condemned prisoner can look at the gallows in such a speculative humor that, amused and beguiled by the ingenuity of its construction, and stirred with such lively curiosity in respect to its manipulation, that his approaching death is forgotten, or else so associated with the mechanism of the instrument that it, ceases to be a terror.

Half of the things that try our patience would be harmless if we looked at them in the right way. Yea, they would many of them be made to minister, by the way of happy conceits, to our amusement. And in this certainly is seen the triumph of mind over fortune, and the possible sovereignty that man can obtain over vexatious or disastrous circumstances.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"EYE PEEPING" is the new game. Two holes are made in a screen. The performers stand behind it and place their eyes in the holes, while the persons in front guess to who the eyes belong.

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THE General Term of the Common Pleas Court, in New York, has rendered a decision sustaining the doctrine that a restaurant keeper who carries on business under a license as an innkeeper is liable to pay his guests for the loss of their overcoats when stolen off the pegs in his place.

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ONE of the advantages pertaining to the new method of engraving by electricity—an electric spark pen having been invented for the purpose in Paris—is that the artist does all parts of his work, and with no more trouble than if working with an ordinary pencil, and can even operate in a dark room, without any other light than the glare from the induction spark. If a sheet of thin paper be attached to a plate of copper or zinc, it is said that an engraving may be made with extraordinary facility by this device.

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THE Bishop of Cincinnati advises Roman Catholic parents to give their children full Christian names. If they please to make use of these familiarly in the family, it is well enough. But when a young girl is growing up, it is not well to let every young man that speaks to her to use a pet name, as if he were as intimate as her brother. Although this is a little matter in itself, it contributes its share toward lessening the maidenly reserve which is so beautiful and so serviceable an ornament. It likewise detracts from the Christian dignity of womanhood, for one to be all her life addressed as if she were a pet child, instead of a lady owning a Christian name, and entitled to the respect of having it used.

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THE German Minister of the Interior has ordered the local authorities throughout the country to prepare careful annual reports as to the number of persons arrested for intoxication in their respective districts, together with particulars of age, sex, circumstances under which taken into custody, and other similar details. The circular calling for this information states that it is desired as the foundation for legislation relative to drunkenness in public places, which has become so frequent as to call for repressive measures. It has often been asserted that in Germany, as in France, drunkenness is comparatively rare, owing to the general use of beer and light wine instead of the stronger alcoholic liquors; but here is a fact, published on official authority, that the teetotal people will doubtless make use of.

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A LANDLORD in Chicago has been sued for $5,000 damages by a tenant whose daughter has been dangerously ill with diphtheria, said to have been caused by sewer gas. The tenant had previously warned the landlord to make the necessary repairs to prevent the escape of sewer gas. Most people will sympathize with the plaintiff, but he will have difficulty in showing that the specific poison which is supposed to cause diphtheria comes from sewer gas. A great many people believes it does, but cannot prove it. It will not be difficult to prove that sewer gas is dangerous to health, generally. But a lawyer may so befog a jury as to the specific character of sewer gas and its effects that the success of the plaintiff must be problematical.

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IT is said that those who are engaged in establishing what is called a certain new sect in New York, are seeking to aid their evangelistic labors by the use of national airs—chiefly Irish, but mingled with others—to which are set Gospel hymns for promiscuous singing. The "Exile of Erin" figures in connection with some exceedingly direct New Testament doctrine in rhyme. And one of the old songs made for the service is positively given to be rendered in the strains of "Yankee Doodle." Such a notion awakes interest even when it does not specially call for comment.

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AN English writer in a paper on the hereditary transmission of physical and mental qualities, is at a loss to say how "vigor" may be utilized; he makes a bold dash at the solution of the problem. He is very decidedly of the opinion that persons living under very similar conditions of life should not marry. "A literary man should not marry a literary woman, nor a tailor a seamstress; and the rule should apply to persons of the same temperament and physiques. The immense trouble, so to speak, which nature has taken to secure cross-fertilization in the lower races of animals and plants should guide man in his selection of a partner." The evils arising, or, better, transmitted or intensified, from the union of persons under like conditions of life are very similar to those which spring from the marriage of men and women closely related by blood.

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AN unpleasant incident has occurred in connection with the approaching marriage of a Crown Prince. A report was received in Vienna a day or two since that the Prince's wedding orders had all been sent to Paris. The new furniture and fittings of the palace at Prague, which is to be the principal residence of the Crown Prince after his marriage, are, among other things, alleged to have been ordered from the French capital. Among the Vienna manufactureres this intelligence has created the greatest excitement. The Burgomaster has already interviewed the Lord Chamberlain on the subject. The reply is not yet known, but in case it proves unsatisfactory, the Municipal Council, it is said, will countermand all the orders given in preparation for the civic festivities which it has been determined to institute in honor of the nuptials.

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LONDON fogs, which are now attracting more than usual attention, are known to be injurious to health, but are not generally credited with the power of immediately extinguishing life. It seems, however, by the evidence given at an inquest held the other day, that their effect is occasionally that of deadly poison. The inquest was on the body of a woman who, in a dense fog, attempted to find her way home after paying a visit to a friend. While feeling her way along a street by the side of another woman for mutual protection, the fog "got down her throat," and she fell to the ground. A man living in the neighborhood, hearing what had occurred, groped his way to the spot, and tried to restore her with brandy, but, failing in his efforts, with some difficulty got hold of a policeman, and at the police station she was found to be dead. She had, according to the medical evidence, been smothered by the fog.

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THE higher education of women has been the subject of several important memorials—one originating among resident members of the University—which were submitted to a syndicate appointed at Cambridge, England. This body of examiners reported that they share the desire of the memorialists that the advantages of academic training may be secured to women, and that the results of such training may be authoritatively tested and certified. For various reasons, however, they are not prepared to recommend that women should be admitted either to the degrees of the University generally, or to the B. A. degree alone. They believe that the objects may in a large measure be attained, and greater encouragement be given to the higher education of women by the formal admission of female students to the higher examinations of the University, together with an authoritative record of the results of their examinations in published class lists.

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COURT circles in Canada and London are just now enjoying a nice little tid-bit of Royal scandal, arising from the unpleasantness existing between the Queen and her daughter Louise. It is said the Princess has never forgiven her mother for obliging her to marry a man she did not love; and that with her days of maidenhood there is connected a tender chapter of romance. She is said to have fallen in love with an accomplished young clergyman, her early tutor, who, realising the dangerous state of affairs, informed the royal mother and hinted that another instructor should take his place. Her Majesty lost no time in finding a suitable match for her daughter, and in having the fact of her betrothal to the Marquis of Lorne publicly announced. The match appears to have been a not altogether unhappy one until lately, when Louise visited England for her health. Now it appears that she does not care to rejoin her husband in Canada, and the unfortunate Marquis is placed in a very humiliating position.

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A PROOF that the European feeling on the subject is still strong is that the Italian Minister of War is anxious to have every Italian thoroughly trained in rifle practice. His plan is to organize committees in all the chief districts and communes composed of the syndic and commandant, who will then form establishments for shooting and draw arms and ammunition from the Government, paying the actual cost only. As soon as a sufficient number of persons have enrolled themselves, a society will be formed for target practice, with a committee, one member of which must be an officer. The pupils in all the secondary schools are to be taught shooting conjointly with gymnastics and the manual exercise, and the same study will be obligatory in the lyceums, the pupils of which will march to the practice ground in military order. No youth will be able to become a "one-year volunteer" without passing through the course of shooting for two years, and even men who have passed forty years of age, and are therefore no longer liable to military service, will be urged to quality in rifle practice.

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THE chief necessaries of life at Vienna, if one may judge by the number of shops for their supply, consist in gloves made to the hand, stays, the hairdresser and the dentist—they far outnumber the rest. Of booksellers there are hardly any, and these eke out a livelihood by selling prints, photographs, and maps, to disguise their unpopular wares. Society is on what, to dwellers in other capitals, sounds an impossible footing. Extreme high birth is as necessary as ever to be admitted at Court, and exclusion from it does not mean the loss of a few balls and concerts, but that the doors of the upper class are completely closed to the intruder from below. And more, if a girl born of the "cream of the cream" marries one of the noblesse, much more a young officer or rising lawyer of the upper middle class, she is cut off irrevocably from all her friends. Even if her husband becomes a Field Marshal or a Prime Minister, and is received by reason of his office, his wife is not restored to the privileges she was born to—the separation is absolute. At the evening parties all the young ones are put together, the young married people are in another room, and the elders by themselves, which must be extremely dull. The charmed circle is so small that it is like a great family party, everybody is on intimate terms with everybody else, a number of in all jokes which no outsider can understand, and the rather dull freemasonry which goes on in a large cousinhood at home, are generally the staple of the conversation.

THE WILL.

BY ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Blame not the times in which we live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
But blame thyself, O man!

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mould thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action, will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not—He
Should bear the blame who fashioned me—
Call you mere change of motive choice?"
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE bit her lips; it seemed as if her natural high spirit was gaining the mastery of her patience. "Isabel!" It was the only word she allowed herself. Perhaps she feared any further ebullition of temper and indignation if she went further.

"Well, I confess I was unjust, Blanche," said Isabel, "and, as I said before, you are too perfect, that is all. But what did Doctor Donaldson say as to your not loving Sir Rupert?—for women promise and vow to love their husbands?"

"Well," replied Blanche, coloring like flame, "he said that it was not necessary I should feel the romantic attachment I might hear or read of, and which was more an idea, a passing fancy for an ideal perfection, than a reality; but that if I did not like any one else, and if I did not see any objection in Sir Rupert—any rational objection—such as would prevent my loving him as I ought to do when I was his wife, then I might safely and properly consent to marry him. Do you see, Isabel?"

"And you felt sure of this?" asked Isabel.

"I feel sure that when I am Sir Rupert's wife, his happiness, his honor, will be my very life's object, the sole desire of my heart," she replied; "and that I shall feel it impossible to give one passing thought or interest to any one else; and this, my own heart and Doctor Donaldson's counsels tell me, will be all that is required for the fulfilment of the duty I shall vow to my husband."

"But, Blanche," said Isabel, "you and I are not old enough, nor cold-hearted enough, to be content with such a destiny, such a calm, regulated, labored happiness, if indeed happiness it can be called. You are a warm hearted, generous girl, my cousin, and you can feel, as well as inspire, a very different attachment from what you describe. Do you think that you could not love warmly, and enjoy being loved, being worshipped as the beautiful Blanche St. Clair should be? Could you not appreciate the happiness of a mutual sympathy, a complete devotion? And do you think the measured sort of duty and affection you speak of is likely to inspire it in Sir Rupert himself?"

The girl winced, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she replied, "There is, of course, a spark of romance in my heart, like that of every other woman; but still I shall strive to turn it to another bent, another object. It will be a nobler, a more satisfactory end of all my endeavors, if I can win my husband's deep, permanent love, rather than inspire a passing fancy that would fade away after he came to know me better. Do not try to weaken my resolution, and make me unhappy, dear Isabel. The die is cast, my judgment and my heart are satisfied that I am doing right, and with that I rest content, trusting in Heaven's blessing on my endeavors."

Isabel was for once overawed, nay, even struck with a sort of reverence at the young girl's calm, subdued manner, her saintlike trust and submission, her perfect forgetfulness of self. She cast herself into her cousin's arms, and kissed her fondly, sincerely, for that brief moment.

"Blanche," said she, "you are far better than I; Heaven bless you, for I believe you deserve it, and I am worse than foolish to try to make you discontented with your lot."

But little passed between the cousins that night. They rapidly completed the remainder of their toilette, and separated for their respective bed-rooms. But no sooner had Isabel closed her door and sat down by the fire that was still smouldering on the hearth than she murmured bitterly, "She will do as she has said. She will make him love her." There was another slight pause, during which the good and bad angels appeared to be struggling for mastery within her. Then her lips compressed, and she exclaimed firmly, as she retired to her soft down bed, "She shall not!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE wedding day had arrived, and the whole Castle was in a turmoil of preparation. The ceremony, according to an old and somewhat eccentric custom of the St. Clairs, was to be performed at midnight, and with as much splendor as possible. It seemed a singular revival, but the family had been strange enough in former times, and—so said the world—their eccentricity existed now in certain members of the family.

By Lady Margerie's request the hour had been so fixed, and the earl and countess, rather liking the idea, fell readily into her views, and acceded to her request. Various reasons were assigned for the arrangement. Some said the lady wished to hide the tears and pallid hue of disappointment of her own daughter, with the glare of lamp light; others that, with a touch of her old worldly life and vanity, she remembered that the unwelcome signs of age on her own still handsome face would be less visible at night than in the bright light of day. Whatever her motive, she carried her point, and the hour was fixed for midnight.

So the Castle was blazing with light from basement to ceiling, and all through the long and vast expanse of chamber, corridor, and vestibule. The ceremony was to be performed in the small private chapel of the Castle. This little sanctuary had once been a sort of council chamber for the earls of St. Clair. It was situated in one of the wings of the building. There were three doors to the holy little retreat, one leading from the large corridor of the Castle, a second admitting to the vestry, and a third opening into a narrow side path in the grounds, through which the out-door servants or tenantry were admitted to morning prayers or any other service they might wish to attend.

This chapel was for the present occasion beautifully decorated with flags and banners belonging to the St. Clairs, and the choicest flowers that could be procured. Seats had been erected for the guest, and these, covered with rich ruby velvet, added to the magnificence of the whole. Draperies of the same costly fabric festooned the outer doors of the chapel, which were now securely locked, to avoid any untoward interruption from the curiosity of the peasantry.

And now the midnight hour drew near, and the great town clock chimed the departing quarters. Sir Rupert had arrived early in the day with Colonel Harcourt and Dr. Fitzpatrick, and had occupied himself in superintending the various arrangements and talking to Isabel. Blanche had remained in her own room, disinclined, so it seemed, for the tumult of the house. But the moment had come when her presence as heroine of the hour was required, and the countess, fully dressed, and looking like a magnificent queen-mother in her mauve velvet dress, diamonds, and point lace, went to summon her. She found Blanche paler than usual, and evidently nervous. There was a sorrowful look, too, in her earnest eyes that seemed rather out of character with a bride; but this very pensiveness, if possible, rather enhanced her wondrous loveliness, and the critical eyes of Lady St. Clair glanced at her grandchild with a look of approving admiration. Everything about her was faultless; her dress, made in a peculiar style to suit her ornaments, became her well, and these ornaments, composed of pearls of great value, seemed the very gems that one so fair should wear.

"Are you well, child?" asked the countess, kindly, noticing the wan, sad look on the young face. "Are you well, Blanche?"

She raised her large wistful eyes to the elder lady's as she made some scarcely articulate reply, which did not reassure Lady St. Clair.

At that moment Rosalie entered with a cup of strong coffee, which she offered to Blanche.

"Lady Margerie thought it would be acceptable," she said.

"Take it my child," added Lady St. Clair.

Blanche raised the cup to her lips and drank the contents, putting down the empty cup with a shudder as she remarked that it had an "odd taste."

The countess, who was giving some final directions to Rosalie, did not hear her remark. Presently the old lady turned again to Blanche.

"We will go to the drawing room now, child," she said, and she drew the young girl's hand within her arm and led her down stairs to the inner drawing room, where the earl and some other members of the family had assembled. Isabel stood rather apart, occupied apparently with Colonel Harcourt. Lady Margerie was near the door, and as Blanche passed close to her the lady's face became almost ghastly in its hue, and she drew a few paces back. Blanche did not notice the gesture, but there were others in that room who did, and who remembered it to the day of their death—Colonel Harcourt was among the number.

Presently Dr. Fitzpatrick came to the young bride and spoke pleasantly and kindly to her, remarking also her pallid look; next he took her hand, and laid his finger on her wrist.

"A cup too low," he said, merrily; "the doctor must order a stimulant to keep up the courage. I will go and get you some wine; you look faint."

She scarcely seemed to hear him, but glanced up in his face with a vacant stare. Dr. Fitzpatrick left her, and then the earl drew near, looking at her anxiously, for he also saw something in the white face which he neither liked nor understood. Leading her to a seat, for hitherto she had been standing, he sat down beside her, trying to draw her into conversation. The attempt failed, for each moment her pre-occupation, or abstraction, or whatever it might be, increased.

The party now separated into groups, ready for the procession to the chapel, which, although under the same roof, was divided from the long suite of reception rooms by the corridor.

As the great clock tower began to strike, Sir Rupert with Colonel Harcourt left the drawing-room for the chapel. It was a pretty sight for the tenantry lined the long corridor, and many a face among the wives and daughters of those simple peasants might have taken the prize for beauty at a regal court. The midnight hour, too, added a weird poetry to the scene, while the light of lamps and wax candles certainly did not detract from the faded charms of the elder dames, or the flashing splendor of their diamonds. Followed by her bridesmaids in their white gossamer dresses and ethereal veils came Blanche, still with the same vacant look on her beautiful face, now of death like pallor. She was leaning heavily on the earl's arm, the countess and Lady Margerie followed. As she entered the chapel, Dr. Fitzpatrick came close, and whispered a few words to her. No one heard what he said, but they saw her turn a half-appealing, half-questioning look to him. Once she took a step nearer to him, as if drawn by some irresistible attraction; then Sir Rupert stood beside her, and the ceremony began.

At this time the chapel was crowded with guests, and others connected with the ceremony; the corridor was also lined and crowded by the tenantry; while throughout the reception-rooms servants passed hastily, giving the last touches to the splendid banquet which was to follow the almost immediate departure of the bride and bridegroom. And then the sonorous voice of the bishop began the opening sentences of the marriage ceremony. The bride still continued in the same dreamy state; but now looks not exactly of alarm, but some feeling akin to it, were exchanged by the guest, for there came a strong smell of burning wood, and, by degrees, the corridor was filled with smoke, which crept on with singular rapidity, filling the chapel. The countess whispered a few words to the earl; but he, unwilling to interrupt the ceremony, replied that the cause of the smoke could be ascertained as soon as the service should be over. Little did he think what that trifling delay would involve, for just as the bishop finished the concluding words of the exhortation, there came on the startled ears of those assembled there the awful cry of "Fire!—fire!"

The horrid cry rang through the crowded corridor and the closely packed chapel, it even found an echo on the pale, trembling lips of the young bride,—"Fire!—fire!"

Outside, the crowd took up the appalling word. Inside, the servants repeated it, as paralysed they stood in speechless horror, unable to help others or themselves,—"Fire! fire!"

Is there no help—no water to extinguish those red tongues of flame that, bursting from a dozen places, seem like the tongues of serpents lapping up the curling volumes of black smoke, as dense and dark and mysterious as man's iniquitous career?

Next, the sharp crackling of burning wood, and the dim suffocating horror of the thickening smoke,—face hidden from face by that impenetrable vapor; the corridor, a mass of flame, the chapel, one heated furnace, with red flame leaping to the many colored banners and reduced them to dust.

An instant, and the fire dies down, and then, the terror stricken crowd rush madly through the corridor, the next, the fire burst forth again, and escape is now impossible, for the corridor is impassable and the door of the chapel is barred and locked. And the fire climbs up higher and higher, until it reaches the upper story, with a rapidity unaccountable.

There is death in that climbing blaze, death in the stifling atmosphere, death in wild shrieks mingling with the crash of the falling beams. Death and fire everywhere!—twin monarch of that horrid scene of desolation!

* * * * *

When the gray dawn broke, what remained of that left wing of the Castle? Where were all the splendid preparations for the banquet? Where the gaily decorated chapel?

Nothing but a heap of smouldering ruins answered to the "where." Here and there comes a gap in the burning mass, whence small flames—weak offspring of the destructive demon—shoot forth to die again by their own feebleness. And the young bride, where is she? Where are those who bore her company?

The earl and countess have been saved, but the poor old noble lies in a helpless state, stricken with paralysis. Lady Margerie sits by him, and Isabel, with Sir Rupert Pelham, tries to console the sorrowing countess. But Blanche!—where is she?

Among the ruins of the chapel, near where the altar stood, is found a golden comb, charred and burnt, and melted by the heat. Rosalie recognizes that comb, she could swear to it among ten thousand; she had herself placed it in the hair of her dear young mistress.

Was Dr. Fitzpatrick to blame? Could he, as he halt led, half dragged Blanche along the burning corridor—could he keep her beside him, or prevent her from breaking from him in her mad fear, to return to that fatal spot? Was it his fault that, when trying to save her, she had perished through her own impetuosity? He told his story with trembling lip and averted eye. He told it with a faltering tongue, and cheeks as pale as death—and might any dare to disbelieve?

* * * * *

Silence and sorrow in the desolate Castle now!—silence and sorrow for both rich and poor, for sorrow brings them very near akin, and rich and poor both lie buried under the ruins.

"Margerie," said the countess, two or three days after that horrible night, "I wish to see Doctor Fitzpatrick. It is right that he should receive my thanks, and the earl's through me, for his attempt—alas! alas!—to save our darling."

"He is not here," replied Lady Margerie; "he had business in the North, and was compelled to leave early the following morning."

"I am sorry," replied the countess. "It would have pleased me to thank him."

She turned her aged face away, and the tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks.

* * * * *

The days passed on, and a fortnight or more had glided by. The inhabitants of Castle St. Clair were returning, as far as possible to their former habits, for sorrow, like all other things, wears away at last into the matter of fact of life.

Isabel, in deep mourning, stood in one of the more distant reception rooms of the Castle—a room that the fire had spared, for its ravages had been exclusively confined to the left wing. She was looking and feeling very sad. How could it be otherwise in that woe stricken abode? As she stood thus at the window, her head bent slightly forward and resting against the glass, her hands locked one in the other, her whole attitude expressive of the deepest dejection, she heard a step behind her, and, turning, saw Sir Rupert. He took her hand, grasping it firmly as he wished her a sorrowful good-bye.

"Isabel, dear Isabel," he began, "we made a sacrifice—uselessly. I am going away for many a long month, but don't forget me."

"Could I," she answered, as her eyes sought his, and her hand lingered in his clasp,—"could I forget you—though you stayed away, not for months only, but for years?"

"Dear Isabel," he said, "in the future, perhaps, when it shall be no disrespect to the dead, we may be all in all to each other."

At that moment Colonel Harcourt passed by the open door; he paused, taking in the scene to its fullest construction. At the end of the corridor he met Lady Margerie; her hand was pressed on her brow as if there were some sore pain there,—she was deep in thought, and would have passed him, but he stopped her.

"We are off at once, Lady Margerie," he said, holding out his hand in farewell. She took it for an instant, then let it drop, and with a few words of courteous farewell, passed down the long corridor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE must now return to the young girl so strangely rescued from the old house of the farrier Hugh. Too long have we lost sight of her, perhaps; but the apparent neglect has been unavoidable to the perfect understanding of our tale.

It was two days after the last interview with Sir Evan Leslie and the good Dr. Grayley. The former had scrupulously observed the conditions that he believed were imposed on him by honor and delicacy. He had not even renewed his visit to the house, which had been virtually given up to his fair young guest, and the only proof of his strong and active interest he took in her movements was a pardonable commission to Verney to discover and supply all those constantly recurring wants, the unavoidable result of an absence from a luxurious and well appointed home.

Verney had no orders to inquire into the movements of the young lady; nothing was said to lead to the idea that he was intended

to bring to his young master any news of her proceedings. But as he gave his report of the performance of the duty with which he was charged, it was of course natural that he should introduce any of the circumstances of the household which in truth belonged to his master.

"I found Mrs. Harper very busy, Sir Evan, and a carriage at the door, and she bade me say, sir, that all would be in readiness for you, if you wish to return to morrow."

A slight spasm came over Sir Evan's features.

"Indeed!" said he. "Then the invalid young lady is going?"

"Yes, Sir Evan."

"It is a pity she had not my carriage, Verney. If Mrs. Harper had only let me know sooner, it could have been at her service."

"Certainly, Sir Evan."

Verney's lips were never opened without just and necessary cause. He rarely helped any one who wished to hold converse with him; indeed, after an interview with James Verney, any one would have been puzzled to make affidavit as to the valet's actual assertions or opinions, or even statements of any imaginable facts. He might have repeated what had been told him by others, he might have assented, he might have bowed his acquiescence, but never, of his own free will and accord, affirmed any of these facts, however simple. The message from Mrs. Harper was, it may be remembered, not on his own responsibility, but simply an announcement, a repetition of what the worthy housekeeper had to say.

"Did Mrs. Harper say anything more?" inquired Sir Evan.

"Nothing that I remember."

"Did you see any one else?"

"No one, Sir Evan."

"Very well. You can arrange everything for our return to morrow, at dinner time."

"Certainly, Sir Evan."

Verney left the room, and proceeded to fulfil some orders that had been a sort of an excuse and preface to the before-mentioned conversation. He wrote to one or two tradesmen, ordered the trifles of which his master stood in need, made one or two purchases on his own account, and then walked to a not very far distant part of the town, where stood a house of some pretensions, and with a large balcony, half shaded by the plants which ran up the verandah like covering and rails. Indeed, it was so artfully contrived, that a person might easily be seated, and even watching from the open space, and yet perfectly concealed by the flowery screen.

Verney applied for admission at the door, and was desired to walk up without any formal announcement, as if a familiar, expected guest. He then passed through a large sitting room to the verandah, with an unhesitating and assured step.

He was not deceived in his expectation of finding the person of whom he came in search. There, seated on a low but spacious easy chair, a cigar between his lips and a glass carelessly applied to his eye, sat Victor Fuller. He looked really handsome, in his rich dark wrapping gown, his tasteful smoking-cap, his rather too defined features shaded by the presence of the clustering creepers, near which, or under which, he sat. Many persons would have given him the palm over Sir Evan Leslie, had they seen him at that moment, with all that was repulsive softened, and the artist-like features set off to the greatest advantage by the costume he wore.

"Well, what news?" he asked, looking up as Verney entered.

"All that you can wish," was the reply.

"What is it?"

Fuller asked the question hastily—perhaps anxiously. Verney quietly pointed to the high road, plainly visible from the balcony, down which a carriage was slowly driven. It seemed a heavy, lumbering vehicle, and went at a small pace.

"Is that all?" asked Fuller.

"All!" repeated the valet. "Yes, that is all; and quite enough too—for there lies your route."

"Mine?" said Fuller, in great astonishment.

"Yes," resumed the valet decidedly; "that is to say, if you are in earnest, and mean to carry out your object. That carriage should be your index, for it contains ——"

He did not finish his sentence, but Fuller understood him well.

"Then you mean me to follow her," he said.

"Certainly; it is your only course," replied Verney.

"And whither?" asked Fuller.

"To the nearest post town first," replied Verney. "So much am I certain of. I cannot tell the ultimate destination, but that is the beginning of the journey, and you can easily discover the rest, and act on it. I cannot do all, think all, and accomplish all for you, remember."

"Do not be insolent, Verney, or I shall retract all that I have promised, said Fuller.

"And no great loss, either," said Verney. "I could make more by proceeding in a different manner; but I have rather a fancy for you, since you are something of the same cast as myself; and besides, I don't mind spiting one man that has to do with the business."

"You mean Sir Evan?"

"It's a bad plan to mention names, Mr. Fuller; but as I can say 'no,' it doesn't so much matter."

Victor Fuller paused. Presently he asked, abruptly, if Verney had anything more to say.

"Well, sir, I have this to say, that I cannot be head and hand both; and if you do not like to follow the course I have managed by great difficulty to ascertain for you, I cannot promise anything more, and claim my full reward all the same."

"You may claim," said Fuller, looking calmly at the valet; "but it does not follow that I shall give. Still I am not so obtuse nor so absurd as you would make out, and I am quite willing to take your hint in my own way. But I shall not follow myself."

"You will not?" said Verney.

"Certainly not," replied Fuller.

"What then is it your pleasure to do?" asked Verney. "Remember, the clue once lost, all is gone."

"I do not mean to lose the clue," said Fuller.

"Then you will risk more by taking others in the secret," said Verney.

"Scarcely so much as if I were myself to appear on the scene," said Fuller. "I could not leave this so suddenly without being discovered; and, what is more, the studies I am pursuing would be too causelessly stopped for suspicion not to be created."

"Then what do you propose?" asked Verney.

"To send some one in a carriage I keep in readiness for emergencies, who will be able to trace out the route," replied Fuller; "and then, when the bird is fairly settled in its nest, to bring me the necessary information."

"That does not meet my objection," said Verney. "Every person that knows the interest thus taken increases the risk, and what is yet more, diminishes the value of the information we possess."

"Perhaps, without due precaution," said Fuller; "but in this case, I am secure."

"How?" demanded Verney.

"Simply because I have a perfect hold on the girl I mean to employ," replied Fuller.

"Girl!—a woman, Mr. Fuller! Why, you are mad to trust one."

"Nothing of the sort, as you will own when you understand the affair," replied Fuller. "Listen! Somehow—no, matter where or when—but about two months since, in my medical capacity, I came across a young girl, scarcely eighteen years of age, in the deepest grief. She had a baby with her, a poor puny thing, but she loved it with the deep love of a mother's heart. She was very ill when I first saw her, but when she got better I heard her story. It was the old tale over again of a woman's love and man's falsehood. She had married a man considerably above her in station, and had been deserted by him ere her child was born. Yet she loves him still—as woman only can love. However, that is little to the point. Foreseeing that I might want an agent in this business—and also admiring her very lovely face—I befriended her, promising to do all in my power to bring her husband, who is a sailor, back to her and repentance. Her gratitude to me is unbounded, her trust in me implicit. I can answer for her fidelity as for my own. She would do much to repay me, and being both quick and clever, may now serve my turn well. In education she is very much above her station, and has a tongue and manner that would take with any one she wished to please. Now can you see my plan?"

"I can guess it," replied the valet.

"It is very simple," resumed Fuller; "my pretty patient shall follow in a carriage to the post-town—my horses are first rate and will soon overtake those droning brutes. She must trace, and force an introduction to the lady in question; then, either as companion or servant, worm herself into her confidence—as Magdalen can when she pleases. The rest will be easy. What do you say to my scheme?"

"Nothing but the want of time is against it," replied Verney. "That carriage is far on its way, and women take a month to prepare for a journey. Then, where is she? She must be sought,—another cause of delay."

"Not so," replied Fuller; "she is in this house, waiting for my orders."

Verney gave a long and significant "Whew!" but the next moment he had resumed his usual cold, calm style of demeanor, and quietly replied, "You surpass me, Mr. Fuller; and that is what I do not often confess."

"In what particular am I so worthy of praise?" said Fuller, bowing.

"Never mind," said Verney; "it is enough that the scheme is really promising for you and for me. Let it be seen so, then; I will not be seen in it, though. I can serve you and myself better, by keeping quite apart and giving you all the necessary information that may suit our arrangements."

Verney's manner was strangely quiet and determined, no tinge of insolence mingled with the unmistakeable decision and equality that he preserved in his tone to Victor Fuller. It simply implied that wherever there is participation in crime, or in secret that compromises those who hold it, there must be at once a levelling of the usual and recognized ranks of society.

Victor Fuller fretted under the knowledge, but he could not deny it. Verney said nothing, but his manners said he appreciated and acted on it.

"I had better not occupy your time, Mr. Fuller," he said, rising to go. "There is not a minute to spare."

"I must certainly arrange my plans without delay," smiled Victor Fuller, triumphantly. "You need not take any part in them unless you choose, my good fellow; only remember that the pay is proportioned to the work," he added, quietly, knocking the ashes from the cigar, and rising languidly from his seat.

"You are quite sure of the ability of your agent?"

"Quite," replied Fuller, as he walked to his escritoire, wrote out a cheque, and handed it to the valet; "she is no fool, I can assure you. That," he continued, pointing to the cheque, "is an earnest of the future, and don't forget that the account debited with any fresh service or success I have already a good chance, or I am much mistaken. It is for you to act and for me to direct. Then all will go on right, Verney. Do you understand?"

Verney nodded with a sort of a cross between a bow of the head and a "bob" of comprehension, and without any further delay left the room.

Scarcely had Verney departed when the bell of Mr. Fuller's room rang twice violently. Then the door opened, and a graceful, girlish form, appeared.

"Did you ring?" she asked.

The voice was singularly soft and gentle, and the lips and teeth wore an expression of fascinating sweetness as she spoke. It was one of those faces that are not to be termed strictly beautiful, or even regularly pretty, and yet possess a charm that rivets the eye, and attracts far more than beauty.

"Do you want me?" she resumed in the same low tone.

"I do. Sit down, Magdalen," he replied, as he motioned her to a chair at the window. "The time I am come when you can serve me, if you will. What say you?"

"With my life I will repay you, if necessary," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "You have given me and my little one shelter when the world turned a cold deaf ear to me. You have saved the life of my child, Mr. Fuller. What can I do to prove my gratitude?"

"Nothing so very tremendous," he said, laughing, as he pointed to the high road, clearly visible from the window. "Do you see yonder carriage toiling up the hill?"

"I see it," she replied.

"In that carriage," he resumed, "is a young lady in whom I take great interest, in fact, for certain reasons I must trace her, and have her efficiently watched. There lies your task, Magdalen, and you have no time to lose in beginning it. Expecting her departure, I have kept my horses harnessed night and day. Put on your bonnet and cloak, but make no other preparation. These bank notes will supply all you need. In ten minutes you can be following her carriage. That lady is going to the post town. Don't let her escape you. Put up at the same hotel, manage an interview somehow, creep into her favor, get her to engage you as her maid: she has no servant with her, and will no doubt be glad to secure your services. Now how long will you be before you can start?"

"I am ready," she answered very sadly, and then he rang the bell and ordered the carriage to the door. It was a highbacked carriage, and the horses were strong and spirited. In a very short time they were trotting at a good pace along the road after the lumbering equipage of Violet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT was the first week in November, and still the weather was delightful, even in the usually foggy atmosphere of the metropolis—clear, sunny, yet frosty weather, with a delicious crisp, cold air in early morning, that gave something of the vigor of winter to the feelings, as the pedestrian first issued from his home; and then the sun, rising in his brilliancy and casting a delightful, cheerful influence over the whole scene.

London was of course empty; that is, the crowd of carriages and equestrians that frequented the streets was reduced to the few doctors' carriages or vehicles of the superior middle class, too much tied by avocations to leave the metropolis for the orthodox nine months in the year, and yet wealthy enough to indulge in all the luxuries and comforts of the aristocracy. And there were here and there coroneted carriages, belonging to the few who were forced to remain in London from official duty or some other cause.

Mothers with betrothed daughters bent on a fashionable trousseau, invalids anxious for superior medical advice, country gentlemen, or even noblemen, going to consult the family lawyer on some exchange of property, or on bringing or defending some vexatious law suits, were to be seen in the deserted streets, or gladdening the desolate scene when the sun came forth to tempt the idlers and the busy alike from their seclusion.

It was on one of these tempting afternoons, about four o'clock, in the immediate neighborhood of St. James' street, that Colonel Harcourt might have been seen emerging from his club, where he had been idling away an unoccupied hour over the most stupid of stupid recent newspapers.

Perhaps the colonel was bored by the vapidity of the letters and vacuity of news, for he looked languid and lazy—a very rare thing for one so active and energetic in his social and professional habits. But as he gazed carelessly around, with an air that seemed to say he expected no possible object of interest could meet his eyes, he suddenly seemed to catch sight of something that excited his surprise and attention. There was a sort of block in the thoroughfare of Piccadilly owing to a number of coal wagons that must have been employed simultaneously, as he thought, to supply the whole of the club-houses and hotels of the neighborhood, such a strange and continuous stream did they keep up. But it was not these black, uninteresting vehicles that fixed Colonel Harcourt's attention; it was a carriage; the progress of which was impeded, and indeed finally arrested, by the block, and the inmates of which were quite remarkable enough to have excited the young man's attention.

It was a dark brown carriage, superbly appointed, with a massive hammer-cloth, and silver mountings wherever that precious metal could be properly applied, and drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, perfectly matched, and driven by a coachman in the deepest of mourning, while two footmen, also in the same sable livery, stood behind.

On the front seat sat a venerable, gray-haired old man, very broken in appearance, and evidently in wretched health, though his features still bore marks of a once strong and decided character. His head nodded restlessly as if annoyed with the delay, and his lips moved, but no sound came from them. His whole aspect and attitude bespoke feebleness of body and mind. At his side sat a grand looking old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning possible, and with a severe, stern expression that scarcely seemed as if the loss she had recently suffered (to judge from her garb) could have softened the natural temper of her mind. Opposite to them, with a basket of beautiful hot house flowers on her lap, that contrasted strangely with the deep black of her dress, sat a lovely girl, with large, reckless dark eyes, and superb rich hair arranged in massive bands from her broad forehead. She appeared perfectly unconscious of the frequent stares of admiration she received from the passers by, whether young or old, gentle or simple. Indeed the girl's beauty was really sufficient to attract notice even in a crowd, and far more when the rare appearance of one distinguished by wealth, rank, and beauty, as appeared to be the fair creature's lot, was in the combination more remarkable and more bewitching. She appeared frequently to address some remark to the old lady, which was returned with a lofty, perhaps rather icy courtesy, and an occasional frigid smile. The old gentlemen took no notice of either of the ladies or of their conversation, except when the girl in any way touched the flowers, which seemed to excite him painfully, and made him sign to her angrily to lay them down.

Colonel Harcourt gazed for some minutes at the group, in a half wondering recognition, that told of doubt, which the presence of familiar faces, in a fresh garb, and in an unexpected spot, produces in the mind. Could it indeed be possible that the party before him were the Earl and Countess St. Clair, and Isabel Lisle? But the Countess at once recognized Colonel Harcourt, and bowed, though very distantly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Schoolmaster endeavors to instil into the minds of his pupils the great truth that you should always count a hundred before you speak, and if it is anything very important, 500. He then takes his stand by the stove, and after some minutes observes that the lips of all his scholars are moving slowly and noiselessly. Presently and simultaneously they all break out: "Four hundred and ninety-nine! Five hundred! Master, your coat tails are on fire!"

About the *coolest* joke of the season is an inscription painted on a sign-board, which just peers above the deep snow drifts in the Park, requesting visitors not to *tread on the grass*.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

BY W M

"A Divine providence shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

It has been said that "to be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune, for then our faculties undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible." Doubtless, in numberless cases, this remark has proven true; but, in truth, it is applicable only to those gifted with energy of character—who are endowed with the faculty of perseverance, and have an indomitable will. To thousands of others, a want of means and employment, disappointments and reverses in business, crush out the energies, break down the spirits, and lead to desperation and despair.

Prosperity and success in business not only make wealth, but add to it and gain friends. On the other hand in poverty and adversity, friends vanish and are but few in number. This latter fact has proven a stumbling block in the way of many a man's advancement who would have achieved success and a livelihood (if not fortune), provided aid and encouragement had been extended. He alone, however, is great, who can bear up against trials and reverses—who, midst them all, maintains his courage, and permits no difficulties to dishearten or deter him from continuous and renewed effort. To such an one, the more and greater the obstacles and difficulties to be overcome, the severer the privations he has to undergo, the firmer are his resolves, the more determined his energies in the path of duty. He labors with zeal for a single purpose—a livelihood for himself or for self and those dependent upon him—and he leaves no honorable means untried to accomplish his object. To labor usefully and unweariedly, to economize, to save the earnings, generally opens the way to success; but, say as we will, philosophize as we will, encouragement from others is the mighty lever which impels all men forward and onward. Without this, all effort seems fruitless, and hope deserts the heart; once extended, however, the happiest results may follow.

Many instances are on record of men who have become distinguished in society and the world, who have arrived at high and honorable positions, amassed wealth, and in turn become the instruments through Divine Providence of aiding and assisting others and benefiting humanity—all from the fact of a kindly word having been extended to them and friendly aid given in a moment when they were in distress and in want. The benign and strengthening influence of kindness and encouragement, none can estimate. They bless both him that gives and him that receives.

These thoughts have come upon us as we read the account of the marriage of Miss Flora Sharon, daughter of the Hon. William Sharon, the millionaire of Nevada. When we think of his past history, his rise to fortune and eminence, we can indeed say that 'Truth in reality is greater stronger than fiction."

But little has been given to the world of Mr. Sharon's early history, or of the many struggles through which he passed before arriving at his present station in society and becoming a member of the U. S. Senate. When his name is mentioned it but gives to the many the idea of a man of immense wealth, who has been the favorite of fortune. His toils, his labors, his battles with poverty, are not for a moment thought of, but were they to be considered, his example of courage, energy and perseverance would not fail of meeting with admiration and of being imitated. His career in life bears with it the savor of romance. His starting point was the friendly hand extended to him by a young man at the time a total stranger, and whom he had never before met; but this, coupled with Sharon's untiring industry proved of infinite service, and led the latter to advance step by step on the road to prosperity and wealth.

In the year 1849 the young man above referred to, a native of Ohio, and whose name we will not mention, being in ill health was sent by his father, a physician, to the Rocky Mountains, in the hope that a change of climate would result in a complete restoration. On the journey thitherward and overland, his companions (provided by his father) became smitten with the gold fever, and induced him to proceed with them to California, traveling over the plains. After working some time in the mines they concluded to go to Sacramento City, a small town of tents pitched on the wharves of the river. The young man's health became restored, and he entered into various enterprises, gradually amassing money. In the year 1849 the emigration began to arrive, and Sacramento became the depot for the landing of supplies—from whence they were taken in wagons to the mines. A fine steamer, called "The Senator," was placed on the line between San Francisco and Sacramento, and soon became a source of profit to her owners. Early one morning, the young man was awakened from his slumbers by the shrill whistle of The Senator, in token of her arriving at the wharf with passengers for the gold region. He went out in front of his tent to the fire and commenced cooking some venison and coffee for his morning's repast.

Looking down a path leading through the woods by his camp in the direction of Sutter's Fort, he saw a gentleman approaching, with a child in his arms and followed by a lady. The gentleman walked up to the fire, and asked permission for his wife to dry her feet, as they were soaked from walking in the heavy morning dew. The request, of course, was granted, and the whole party sat around the fire. In a short time, the venison and coffee being cooked, the strangers were taken inside the tent and invited to breakfast. To this invitation the gentleman returned his thanks, but said he was not able to pay for it. The host quickly replied that he did not keep a hotel, but that they were cordially welcome to what was set before them.

After breakfast, the lady evidently being tired, was invited to take a rest. The bed within the tent, although rudely put up, was one exceedingly comfortable. Forked sticks had been driven into the ground, and these were crossed with light poles, the latter being covered with grass, and above this were laid buffalo robes and blankets.

The gentleman and host then took seats before the fire and soon entered into conversation. After a time, the former, in his own words, said:

"Well, sir, this is the saddest day of my life. I was a young lawyer, having a living practice in the State of Ohio, when I was taken with the gold fever. Scraping together all the money I could, I embarked with my wife and child for California. When I arrived at San Francisco, I had but a few dollars left; but as ill fate would have it, I could get nothing to do, and, as a last resort, started for the mines, and I have now come thus far. The last cent I had I paid for a deck passage on The Senator. My wife, too, to add to my troubles, is in delicate health and I have had to leave my trunks on the wharf, and I have started out with her hoping to find something to do to obtain food and lodging."

Being asked where he intended going, the gentleman replied that he was on his way to Sutter's Fort hoping that he could get something to do there.

The stranger's sad position aroused the sympathy of the young man, who, too, had come to Sacramento as an adventurer, but was in better circumstances and he informed the former of the fact that an alcalde's court had been established in the town but a few weeks before, and that there might be an opportunity for him to do something at his profession.

In answer to this, the gentleman said, "I would like to have the chance, but I have nowhere to live and nothing to eat while waiting for a practice."

His fears on this score were quieted upon being told that the miners came down frequently to the town for supplies—that rows among them were of no unusual occurrence, and that there were but few lawyers in Sacramento. Further, that, as to lodging, his entertainer had another tent and a plentiful supply of provisions, to which he and his family were entirely welcome.

Upon consultation with his wife, and after some hesitation, the stranger availed himself of the kind offer.

His trunks were sent for, a tent was pitched, a bed placed therein similar to the one above mentioned, and by dinner-time, the newly arrived couple began to feel at home.

The wife soon began ornamenting her tent with variegated oak leaves in the best manner she could, and the woods resounded with her cheerful songs whilst engaged in her womanly work.

The next day, the lawyer was fortunate enough to make a fee. This filled him with hope, but what was his own surprise to find that before one week had closed, he had made sufficient to warrant him in offering to pay for his board.

This was declined by his benefactor, who then sold out to the lawyer his entire stock of provisions, and then took board with him.

The Sunday after their arrival, the newcomers walked out a hundred yards from the tent, taking with them a Bible and hymn-book, and seating themselves on a fallen tree, commenced singing some of the old church tunes, with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar.

The young man now felt amply repaid for his kindness to the lawyer—his heart was touched as he heard the tunes which he had often heard his mother sing when he was a boy, and he too joined in the singing.

The sound of a woman's voice was something unusual in the town, and soon the miners came gathering around, until at last there were between two and three hundred present.

'Twas a scene not soon to be forgotten. Tears filled the eyes of many as the music called forth recollections of distant homes, whilst all were wrapped in profound silence and attention.

As the crowd became seated on the grass and fallen trees, the lawyer arose, and with modesty and calmness of voice, addressed those before him.

"My friends, I want to say a few words to you,—I am not a preacher, but I hope I am a Christian. We are in a new country, nearly all of us without our families, and out of the range of all those influences that tend to guard us from evil. In such a condition, a man will become either better or worse; he will either be a good man or a very bad one, and it is much easier to be the latter. It is, therefore, necessary for him to hedge himself in with all available means unless he desires to become bad and degraded. Let me beg of you, my friends, to use the only means you have to protect you from the evil tendencies so amply afforded in a new country. You will find it here, (holding up the Bible.) This contains the whole armor of God, and it will be yours if you resolve to read it daily. Will you now kneel with me and petition our Heavenly Father for his protection for ourselves and those we love at home."

He then offered up a fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace, after which he gave out the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the whole congregation joining.

Reader, this was the first religious service held in Sacramento, and on that very spot was built the first Methodist church, and through the aid and instrumentality of the lawyer. That lawyer was none other than William Sharon, at present one of the wealthiest men in the land, and at present United States Senator from Nevada. A man of polished education, of a generous nature, he has through judgment, prudence and energy became a millionaire. Wealth, however, has not corrupted him. A member of the Methodist church, he exemplifies in every day life the deeds and virtues of a Christian. "Trifles go to make the great events of life," but what shall be said of the young man who gave the future Senator a place of shelter for his head when he was in a strange country and penniless. The act he considered a small one in itself, but what good results flowed therefrom!

The good fortune of Mr. Sharon did not end with his gaining untold wealth and being honored with a seat in the United States Senate. Lately the newspapers of the country have given glowing accounts of the marriage of Miss Flora Sharon, his daughter, with Sir Thomas Farmor Berketh, Bart., of Retford Hall, England. This is described as having been a brilliant affair, more than one thousand guests being present at the ceremonies, which took place at the Senator's country-seat at Belmont, near San Francisco. The bride is a beautiful young lady of twenty years, whilst the bridegroom is thirty-one years of age. By this marriage the wife is provided with an income of $50 000 a year, one half having been secured to her by her father, and the other half by her husband. The husband is the son of a former Baronet, whose wife was Lady Henrietta Farmor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret. At the death of Lord Pomfret, the title became extinct, and the estates devolved on Lady Arabella Hesketh, whose family has for years been rented in Lancashire. The Farmors had their estates confiscated by Henry VIII because of kindness shown by the head of the house to a poor priest, but they were afterwards returned to the family. Sir Thomas now holds both the Hesketh and Farmor estates, and is consequently possessed of an immense fortune. During his stay in California he has made himself quite popular, and the marriage is looked upon as a most happy event.

Thus has the good fortune which followed the father, Mr. Sharon, showered its favors upon the daughter. His good works, his honesty of character, his perseverance and sound judgment, laid the foundation; and now both he and his family are reaping the honors and the benefit.

A well known lady artist resident in Rome, relates that while standing one day near the statue of Apollo Belvidere, she could not become aware of the presence of a countrywoman. The newcomer was a well-to-do looking American woman, and introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of —— Missouri, and then asked: "Is that the Apollo Belvidere?" The lady took time to the identity of the work, and the tourist then said, "Considered a great statue?" The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world. "Manly beauty and all that sort of thing!" said the lady from the land of the setting sun. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist. "It is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Bodeker, and with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen Apollo Belvidere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles."

An English judge once sentenced a poor fellow to transportation, when he should have doomed him to the gallows. Informed of his mistake, he resumed the criminal put on his black cap, and pronounced the death-sentence by saying, "I beg your pardon, sir." A certain sheriff when he dropped a man from the gallows used to take off his hat and say, "Good morning, sir," and this not ironically, but in good faith!

New Publications.

"The Pretty Peggy Painting Book," by Rosina Emmet, is a book containing some remarkable sketches in outline, without colors, with a view to affording those desirous of practice in painting with an opportunity to fill them in according to their own taste in coloring. These illustrations are among the best the season has furnished and have made their mark. The paper has been prepared especially with a view to receiving water colors and is intended to be done in flat tints (not shaded), so that only a few colors are required. It will, altogether prove an excellent incentive for beginners in drawing and painting, who will find it a charming subject to work upon. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., and received from Porter & Coates, this city. Price, $1 00.

"Stories of the Sea, Told by Sailors" were written by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, to prove that the story of real adventures told as nearly as possible in the language of the historical persons that underwent them, could be made as fascinating for boys as the cheap and vicious adventures detailed in the boys' story papers. This is the second volume, the first being "Stories of War, Told by Soldiers." A volume of discovery and another of adventure will complete the series as at first conceived. The volumes already published justify Mr. Hale's prophecy with regard to the wisdom of the plan and its good results. A book more entirely new and useful for boys has never been published. In this volume the stories of Columbus's first voyage, the Spanish Armada, Alexander Selkirk the Buccaneers, Paul Jones and Richard Pearson, Nelson and Trafalgar, Castaways of Pitcairn's Island and others, are admirably told. Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

MAGAZINES.

The Christmas Wide Awake realizes all that is Christmas in a child's magazine, and from its beautiful new cover, new type to the last page, is brimming over with attractive stories, verses, and pictures. There are two frontispieces, the one a well executed calendar, and the other illustrating the opening story, by Mrs. M. Crosby, one of the editors of the Christian Union, entitled "The Children of the Lighthouse." Sophie May has never written a better story than "Prairie Flize's Crazy Christmas," and Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's descriptive story of "How Dot Heard 'The Messiah,'" will take by storm the hearts of all little lovers. "Uncle Tom's Minor Pieces" with its wonderful monkey, Nick, will delight the little boys and girls. Mr. G. P. Burnett, the great Amusement Man, gives an account of a good time in a story called "Christmas Eve at Grandpa Longlegs." Rev. Edward E. Hale opens a series of ringing articles in Wide Awake readers about the affairs of the world. Then comes a wonderful story, "A Flower Puzzle," for the first and correct solving of which two money prizes of $50 and $5 are offered. The serial stories are all in, three beginning in this number. "Mary Fox's Patty Cologne," with an illustration, and "The Story of Honor Bright," by the author of "Royal Road to Wealth" promises to be of great interest. The sketches, all illustrated by no less an artist than Mr. Walter Shirlaw. "Patty Cologne" is by Mrs. A. M. Diaz. But perhaps the most striking feature is the illustrated poems, which appear in duos and trios all through the number, from such authors as J. T. Trowbridge, Mr. J. J. Piatt, Nora Perry, Col. Paul H. Hayne, etc., etc., making the magazine a treasure long to be preserved.

The January number of St. Nicholas is heavily laden with its usual store of pictures and charming stories which always characterize the magazine, and opens with an exquisite frontispiece, illustrating the poem, "Firelight Phantoms." Hope Ledyard contributes the opening story, entitled "The Wrong Promise." Among the notable features of the contents is one of Frank Stockton's funny stories, "How the Animals Found Santa Claus," with illustrations by Frost, and an exquisite story in verse, illustrated by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, entitled "Brier Rose." A description of the "Fan Brigade," by Ella S. Cummings, who prove interesting to girls, while boys and girls will be delighted with Charles L. Norton's description of "Every Boy His Own Ice-Boat." "Helawi" is an Indian story for little folks, by Bright Eyes, the Indian girl. There is more interesting reading in the rest of the papers to which Clara Erskine Clement has given her charming "Stories of Art and Artists." The other contributors are "One of His Name," by Josephine Pollard; "Getting Ready for the Holidays" (picture) by J. and S. H. Hopkins; "Out of Step," verses by Margaret Vandegrift; "Dr. Hale," by Margaret Johnson; "A First Trick" (picture) by Palmer Cox; "In Nature's Workshop," by Felix L. Oswald; "Our Thanksgiving," by Maria Louise Pool; "Pi," by Professor Edward Brooks; "Four Leaves" (poem), by Mrs. ——; "New Year's Day Verses by Boots Hill; "Preston Rogers," Chaps. III and IV, by Rossiter Johnson; "A Snow Battle," by Dorothy C. Bonner; "A Dear Little Girl of Nantucket," by C. M. Smith; "New Year's Calls," by Wm. O. Stoddard; "Chaps. V and VI of 'The Mystery of a Mansion;'" "The Fast Goat Line," by John Lawson; Jack in the Pulpit tells a number of good things; and there are interesting puzzles and riddles.

In the January number of Potter's American Monthly we find the following: "The City of Ararat," by Captain Lee Wood; "The Waterfall," by Harriet N. Smith; "Confidences Read," by E. S. Maury; "A Song of Wine," by J. H. Temple; "Pavilion on the Links," (continued), by Paul Meredith; "Farewell to the Year," by Clara H. Hoyt; "Art Needlework," by Annie M. Harper; Charles Stokes Wayne concludes the story, "A Country Cousin;" "Attractive Houses," by Marian H. Fox; "Love," a poem, by Paul Pastoret; "Wing D' Paradise," by W. H. Perrine; "Spare Minutes," by Horace Lee, Chief of the Monthly Illustrations; "A Letter Day Saint," by Mary F. Wagoner; "For Bird's Sake," a story of Indian life, by Harry C. Myers; "A Mountain Idyl," by S. S. S.; "The Sparrow in the Canon," by Rev. Charles Wesley Burnett; "The Angel in the House." The departments are well filled, and the contents generally interesting.

The January number of Our Little Ones is a perfect treasure of good things which when it is remembered only 16 pages will certainly seem more. Although by a recent publication, the publishers have specially made it a model one of its kind.

Admirers of Shakspeare are wont to assert that in his pages can be found references to many inventions, theories and ideas of comparatively recent origin. For instance, in "Julius Cæsar," act I, scene 2 we find an allusion to newspaper reporters then existed, for it is written that Cæsar being one of the invited guests in a procession, and hearing his name shouted in the crowd, observed, "Who is it in the press that calls on me?"

THE THREE HUNTERS

Three hunters once among themselves
Agreed to hunt a bear—
And settled on what part should be
Each of the Lion's share.

So to its cave quite bold they went,
When out big Bruin flew—
Well scared, one scrambled up a tree,
Another backward drew—

The third like lead dropped to the earth,
And quiet he held his breath—
Because he said no bear will touch
An object when in death.

The beast comes up and eyes him close—
Sniffed at his mouth and ears,
And then, deceived, off to the wood,
And quickly disappears.

The two, real glad it was no worse,
Returned with hasty strides,
And asked their friend what said the bear
When it stood by his side.

The man replied: "I think," it says,
"It only seems but fair
Hereafter, ere you share it out,
You'd better catch your bear."

—F. H. D.

Our Young Folks.

THE LOST PRIZE.

BY ANNIE MATHESON

"YOU want a story, boys?

"Wheel my chair out into the orchard, then. There, my cushions are just right, Frank. What kind of a tale do you want? A true one, did you say? Did I hear Tom suggest, 'One about yourself, sir?'

"Well, it will be very unexciting, then; a boy that is a cripple is out of the way of adventures. Now that brother of mine who came to see you yesterday, that strong, square set fellow, he has had adventures enough. Ever since he was a boy of twelve he has carried everything before him. But twenty years ago he lost what he had very much set his heart upon; lost it through me. When I grumble about it, he says, 'That was the making of me, Jack. It took the silly conceit out of me, and taught me that there are better things in the world than prizes.'

"Well I don't mind telling you that story, boys.

"Philip, that great strong brother of mine, was very ambitious in those days, and when a prize was offered at the end of the term for the best essay, he was in for the running.

"How well I remember it all. It was just after the accident that made a cripple of me for the rest of my life, and I was lying back on the sofa, feeling that the world was rather a dull place. I was three years younger than Philip—only a little chap of nine, you see—and I was very tired of leaning back on my pillows all day with nothing to do; for the doctors at that time would not let me read. The window was wide open, and I could smell the white roses outside and hear the buzzing of the insects.

"And at once a big buttle fly flew into the room. 'Oh, if I could only get him for my collection!' I thought.

"I had wanted a specimen like it for a long time, and this one was such a beauty. I shouted at the top of my voice for Philip, but Philip had not yet come home from school. I was sure of that when he did not answer my shouts, for he was always my most devoted friend and servant.

"Mother, I knew, was out marketing, and we had no sisters. Philip and I had been my mother's only companions since my father's death.

"As I lay fuming and fretting Philip rushed in, hot and breathless.

"'Oh! I say, Ted!' he began, excitedly.

"'Do stand bothering there,' I interrupted crossly. 'A butterfly I want has just flown out of the window, and if you've any sense you'll run out and catch it for me. Look out! Down by the window—it can't have gone far.'

"Philip was off like a shot, and did not come back for nearly an hour.

"'I'm very sorry, Ted, but I can't get him. I've had a jolly chase. I can tell you. He was out on the magnonette just under the window when I first ran out, and I thought I was sure of him, but he was too quick for me and made off for the hayfield. Just as I thought I'd got my cap on him; then——'

"'Oh, never mind,' said I. 'I don't care to hear how you lost him so long as you did lose him. What was it you were so full of when you first came in?'

"'Why,' said Philip, 'old Jacobs has promised a prize for the best essay, and the boys all think that Smith or I will be bound to get it, so I mean to carry it off if I can. It's only the honor and glory of the thing, but the prize is such a fine bait for us. It will not be books or desks or things, but a beautiful little gold watch—just like that one of father's that mother wears.'

"My mother had come into the room in the middle of Philip's sentence, but he had been too eager to notice her.

"'Do you think you might try for it, my dear boy?' she said gently. 'You know your regular lessons take a very large slice out of your evenings; and it seems to me the rest of your leisure ought to be reserved for another purpose.' And she glanced compassionately at me.

"Philip and I understood perfectly that she was meaning he ought not to encroach on the time spent in amusing me. But I was too selfish to speak out. I saw that my brother was deeply hurt. The color rose to his cheeks and his dark eyes flashed with passion; but he bit his lips and said not a word—only turned away a little towards the window, and flung down his cap upon the chair.

"Mother, who was busy darning socks, did not see all that was passing. 'Put away your cap in the hall, dear,' she said.

"'All right!' said Philip, and taking up his cap, he vaulted out through the open window.

"When he was gone I told my mother I thought she might as well let Philip go in for that prize—he was so quick that it would not take so very much time. I was an arrant little piece of self in those days, and I rather enjoyed my own sense of importance in the household, so that I did not even then enlighten her as to the full extent of Philip's unselfishness.

"In about ten minutes he came back—through the door this time—with a cabbage leaf full of ripe delicious strawberries for me.

"'Will you have one, mother?' he said. 'See, here's a beauty, the finest of the lot.'

"'No, thank you, my dear,' she answered. 'I have been thinking, Philip, that if you like to go in for that prize, there is no reason why you should not do so; of course you will not let it interfere with your other duties.'

"I could not help admiring, through the days that followed, the way in which Philip fulfilled her trust. I could see that he was unusually eager about this prize. The boys all expected him to win it, and he was, as I have said, ambitious as well as popular. Besides, he knew quite well that this was a subject in which he could excel.

"But so far from shortening the intervals he had been accustomed to spend with me in playing draughts and telling me school gossip, I could not help noticing that he contrived to spend even more time with me than formerly. Nor did he, as so many boys would have done, allow his thoughts to be occupied with his essay all the time he was listening to my fretful complaints. His jokes and stories were as bright as ever, and he threw himself into my slow, quiet amusements with as much zest as if making scrap books and sorting wools with an invalid boy had been his chosen pursuits. The day before the essay was to go in I said to him, 'How much have you to do at that thing, Phil?'

"'Oh, I shall manage it,' he answered cheerily. 'Mother has promised to let me sit up two hours later than usual to-night, and that will only leave the copying out for to-morrow. I shall have all to-morrow afternoon at home, you know, and it mean't to get in that six.'

"Now it happened that when that to-morrow afternoon came I had a great deal of pain and uneasiness, and all that Philip had told me about his plan for copying out his essay went clean out of my head.

"'I wish Philip would come and sit by me,' I said. 'You might tell me stories to make me forget this horrid knee of mine. It is so dull lying here all alone, and mother has to go and see that little girl down in the village that's so ill.'

"Philip hesitated a moment.

"'Ted,' he said quietly, 'would it give you and mother any pleasure for me to get that prize?'

"'Now, as a matter of fact, I knew quite well that it would be a bitter humiliation and disappointment to me if any one but Philip were to get the prize, and that mother too was counting on it with secret exultation, but then I never dreamed that anything could possibly happen. Philip always did win everything he tried for and never seemed to fail in anything he set his heart on. And I was in a cross, disagreeable mood, and inclined to pity myself very much, and even to feel a trifle jealous of my clever, active brother; so I answered, carelessly enough, 'I'm sure I don't mind whether you do or not, and I don't believe mother does.'

"Philip did not say another word about it, but sat down and began to tell me stories. They were very interesting stories, too, for Philip never does things by halves. All at once it struck four, and though we were still in the midst of an exciting tale, Philip gave a little start and changed color.

"'Are you tired of it now, Ted?' he asked. 'Shall I go on with my writing a bit?'

"'Of course I'm not tired. Mother said before she went out, 'As it's Wednesday afternoon I suppose Philip will be able to amuse you as usual.'

"Philip gave a little choking sigh, and went on with his story. Mother came in soon after, but I was feeling so ill that Philip had to be sent for the doctor, who came back with him at once, and was so much alarmed that he begged for a consultation. It was then that it was decided (as we feared all along it might be) that my right leg would have to be amputated.

"It was not until after the operation was over, about three days later, that I inquired with slowly re awakening interest, 'When will it be decided about the essays, Phil?'

"'It was decided yesterday,' said Philip. 'Scott has got it. I don't mind, old boy.' And he laid his hand very softly against my cheek for a moment—a most unusual caress from the undemonstrative Philip.

"I could not believe it. I had never for a single instant, even when preventing his work, had a doubt that Philip would be the successful competitor.

"'What!' I exclaimed incredulously, 'that stupid little Scott has beaten you! When did you send your essay in?'

"'I didn't send it in at all,' said Philip. 'I—I——'

"Then it all flashed upon me like light ning.

"'Oh, Philip!' I moaned, 'I see it all now. You didn't have time to copy it out, and you thought I didn't care.'

"Boys you won't believe it, perhaps, after hearing what a selfish little sneak I had been, but I did in that moment suffer much more acutely than at the time when I first heard that I must lose my leg.

"'Don't be a muff, Ted!' Philip said merrily. 'The old thing's burnt to ashes by this time, and, honor bright, I don't care a bit about the watch; in fact, I'm rather glad Scott's got it. He's a good, hard working little fellow.'

"Mother had come into the room unnoticed, and now she stooped down and kissed Philip on the forehead.

"'I am very proud of you, my son,' she said.

"Philip crimsoned with pleasure, for it was the first unmixed praise he had ever had from my mother; and indeed he had always said to me that if it had not been for my unhappiness about it, that would have been the gladdest, proudest moment of his life.

"But he could not bear to see my distress for nothing had ever troubled me so much before. I cannot say much for myself now, boys; but such as I am, I fancy it was the making of me as well as Philip."

THE CONCERT TICKET.

BY A. E.

"I LIKE ladies' society," said Mr. Guy. "I always did."

"And I suppose," Will Stanley retorted, with a sort of grim humor, "that they like yours."

Mr. Geoffry Guy simpered and pulled his straw colored moustache.

"Now, really, upon my word," said he, "that's asking a fellow to turn evidence against himself. If they don't like it, their manner decidedly belies their opinion. Ha, ha, ha! But I have several calls to make—calls that positively can't be postponed—or I should deem it a duty to devote myself to you, my dear Stanley, on this first evening of your stay in town."

"I suppose I couldn't accompany you?" said Will.

Mr. Geoffry Guy cast a shocked glance at Stanley's rough-and-ready coat, hair that was cut by the scissors of no metropolitan barber, and loose silken cravat, knotted carelessly at the noble throat.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he hesitated, "the young ladies to whom I propose to pay my compliments this evening are—ahem! very exclusive."

"Well, all right, old college mate. I'll manage to console myself with a newspaper until you come back, or perhaps I'll drop into one of the theatres, if I find myself at all lonesome."

Mr. Guy stepped into the waiting cab, and drove away.

Will Stanley smiled grimly to himself.

"When he came to spend the summer weeks at the old farm," he said to himself, "I don't remember being at all particular as to the cut of his coat. But city life is so different."

And he lighted his cigarette, and took up the uncut pages of a novel to beguile his time.

The Misses Montford were at home—in fact it was their at home evening—and the drawing room was full.

Mr. Guy was in his element; but after a time he became aware, by a sort of magnetic prescience, that there was a half suppressed ripple of merriment through the room.

Two or three gentlemen came in just then, and Mr. Guy took his leave, uncertain whether or not he was being laughed at.

"I hate these young ladies who set up for being witty," said the gentleman, peevishly to himself.

Old Miss Wixen was his second call. She was cross, and old, and caustic, and never took any pains to make herself agreeable to any one; but nevertheless she was the fashion.

Miss Wixen stared hard at Mr. Guy.

"Humph!" said she. "Engaged, are you?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Guy.

"Well, you needn't have taken so much pains to tell me of it," sputtered the old lady. "I haven't any designs on you."

"I assure you madam——"

"You needn't assure me anything," said Miss Wixen, turning her black satin back upon him. "No, Williams, you needn't bring the cake and wine. I don't receive any more calls to-night. The door, Williams!"

And so, Mr. Guy found himself once more in the street.

"I can't understand it at all," said he to himself. "Who has been spreading imputations about me?"

Major Peterson and his handsome wife and three pretty daughters were at home—Katie in blue damasse; Josie in rose-colored cashmere; Marie in maize silk.

But Mr Guy had scarcely shaken hands all round, before Major Peterson strutted up to him, with a countenance scarlet with rage.

"Young man," said he, "I am at a loss to comprehend this remarkably strange behavior on your part; and I would have you to know that my daughters, Mr. Guy, are no husband hunters."

"I never for an instant supposed, sir——"

"So I will bid you a very good evening," said the major, holding open the door.

"A very good evening," echoed Mrs. Peterson, stiffly, while the three daughters elevated their three noses at three different angles, and Mr Guy got out of the room, he scarcely knew how.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Guy to himself, "I had better go home. My social calls seem to be a failure to-night."

Mr Guy dreaded to walk home.

He met divers and sundry of his friends, but although he saluted them after his usual sprightly fashion, they looked askance at him, and whispered and giggled as he passed.

"What is it?" Mr Guy questioned of himself, in a nervous agony.

He rushed upstairs to his room, where Will Stanley was still yawning over the last edition of the evening paper.

"Stanley," said he, "will you just look at me?"

"Certainly," said Will, indulging in a good long stare.

"Have you done so?"

"I have."

"Then perhaps you will be good enough to tell me if there is anything unusual in my appearance."

"Well—yes—I think there is."

"Where?"

"On your back, edged in behind the button of your coat."

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Guy, twisting himself half way around to obtain a view of his spinal column. "A card? A ticket! Stanley, for goodness' sake, what is it?"

"A white slip of paper, bearing the word 'Engaged,' in fat black letters."

Guy turned pale.

"As true as the world," said he, "I've carried off one of the labels of the engaged seats at Mrs Hilton's morning concert without knowing it. I don't wonder the girls laughed. I've made a first class fool of myself—that's all!"

Will Stanley smiled to himself.

The self sufficiency with which Mr Guy had gone smirking out, the tribulation with which he came in, were a curious contrast.

"I'm almost sorry now that I didn't tell him of it when he went out," thought Stanley, but he said nothing.

The ticket "Engaged" was blazing up in red flames on the grate, but it had done mischief enough already.

Mr Guy's calls had been anything but a success.

LITTLE THINGS.—Little things are indeed of great importance; all nature is made up of particles, from the tiny, sparkling raindrop that helps to form the vast and boundless deep to the grain of sand, a portion of the earth. Our bodies are composed of particles of matter, our characters of little words, thoughts and actions, and each little moment small as it is in our eyes helps to swell the days and years in which the child becomes a man, and the man sinks into the grave. From the little seed lying hidden and unnoticed under the dry and rustling leaves, has sprung the noble oak of the forest, under whose protecting branches many a weary traveler has rested, and which has at last gone to become a part of the mighty ship. The humble little seed, blown by some gentle and friendly wind to its resting-place in the earth, has at last expanded into a beautiful flower, filling the air with its fragrance, and exciting the eye of man with its delicate beauty. Was the mite of the poor widow too small for notice? Small it was, indeed, compared with the gifts of those around; yet it was not despised. So it is in our daily life; one simple look, a cheerful smile or sympathising word, which costs us little to bestow, may inspire with fresh courage the gloomy and despondent. Each blade of grass and humble flower has some office to perform, and each evil thought exerts its baneful influence upon the character, while our noblest impulses, if acted upon, make us better beings. M. S.

It is dangerous to be much praised in private circles, but to our reputation is fully established in the world.

"YES."

BY S. E. TEMPLE.

They stood above the wor'd,
  In a world apart,
And she drooped her happy eyes,
And stilled the throbbing pulses
  Of her happy heart.
And the moonlight fell above her,
  Her secret to discover,
And the moonbeams kissed her hair,
  As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.

"Look up, brown eyes," he said,
  "And answer mine—
Lift up those silken fringes
That hide a happy light,
  Almost divine."
The jealous moonlight drifted
To the finger hair uplifted,
  Where shone the opal ring—
Where the colors danced and shifted
  On the pretty, changeful thing.

Just the old, old story,
  Of light and shade,
Love, like the opal tender,
Like it, maybe to vary,—
  Maybe to fade.
Just the old, tender story,
Just a glimpse of morning glory,
  In an earthly paradise,
With shadowy reflections,
  In a pair of sweet brown eyes.

Brown eyes a man might well
  Be proud to win!
Open, to hold his image,
Shut, under silken lashes,
  Only to shut him in.
Oh, glad eyes look together,
For life's dark, stormy weather,
  Grows to a fairer thing,
When young eyes look upon it
  Through a slender wedding-ring.

ANCIENT HEAD-DRESSES.

BY THE VARIOUS STYLES in coats and hats and wigs of different generations, as much as by the political changes, we may read the history of a nation. Thus the politeness and freedom which are the prominent characteristics of the manners of the present day are reflected in the ease and elegance of our costume. In the same way exactly, our immediate ancestors betray their pride and affectedness. They are struck up in the very dressing of their hair. In those days no gentleman's head was complete without a wig; and the hair, raised by cushions stiffened with powder, and fastened with wires, was considered the most becoming ornament of the fair sex. The behavior of the men and women of those times was the counterpart of their occipital distinctions. Among the gentlemen, the formal gallantry was denoted by a no less formal peruke, and those who approached the ladies were prepared to expect a stiffness of deportment by the warning they received from the rigid stiffness of their heads.

From the very earliest ages, indeed, down to the time of the French Revolution, the hairdressers were the high priests in the Temple of Beauty. The luxury and extravagance of the French under Louis XVI manifests itself in nothing so conspicuously as it does in the coiffures of those days. In the dressing of the hair, too, the Roman and Grecian character is reflected in all its simplicity, and in all its magnificence.

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true in hair-dressing as it is of anything else. The "stupendous towers" which the French ladies used to have "built," as they called it, upon their heads, were copied from the designs of the Roman and Grecian architects in hair. In the bust of Marciana, the sister of the Emperor Trajan, we have a tremendous coiffure which distinctly recalls the reign of Louis XVI. The hair is beautifully arranged in the shape of a crown of laurel, rising to an altitude which would have satisfied the veriest elegante of the court of France. False hair was evidently not unknown in those early days. Hair dyes were also in general use, and were not only used to defy the white hairs which time brought to old heads, but for the purpose of imparting the fashionable tint to the tresses; for the mode in coiffures varied in the color of the hair as well as in the dressing of it, and the ladies more than once moulted their black plumages in favor of bright yellows. In connection with this fact, and as a mark of the great respect with which the decrees of fashion were treated, we may mention that a bust of Lucilla, the wife of L. Verus, in the white marble of the isle of Paros, stood in the Capitol, and that the head of this bust was fitted with a wig of black marble; but the most striking peculiarity of this bust was that the wig could be removed at pleasure, and a more fashionable coiffure easily substituted. A market was established in front of the Temple of Apollo for the sale of false hair and dyes and cosmetics of many kinds, and it was in its time as fashionable a rendezvous as the baths. All Rome gathered there of a day. It was in the glorious summer of prosperity at a period when golden hair was the rage. The women tried in a thousand ways to obtain the precious tint. They brought eagerly all kinds of preparations from foreign countries—pomades from Greece and soaps from Gaul. The water from the river Crathis, which was supposed to possess the Midas-like virtue of turning all it touched to gold, was one of the most popular "washes" ever offered to the Roman public. When this wonderful water failed to produce the desired result, there remained but one thing to be done, and that was to shave the head. Then a fine crop of golden hair came quickly enough. It came from Germany or Gaul; and from that day to this the trade in human hair has continued in the hands of the French and German merchants.

Flowing hair, or what the poet calls "tresses unconfined," cannot be said to have been fashionable in Greece. Knots and coils were the characteristics of the Grecian coiffures. Decorative head gear was so much considered, that the coiffure was rather more of an arrangement of bands and jewels and flowers than a dressing of the hair. It was the fashion to show as little of the hair as possible. Flowers, artificial and natural, were worn as they are nowadays but more commonly. The flower girl came into the boudoir with the hairdresser, and the flowers for the coiffure were chosen with a nice discrimination, character and color depending mainly upon their powers of blending in harmony with the composition of the headdress. Thus, rose or lily was a question which required no little discussion. The priestesses of Bacchus wore their hair "waving in the wind," and dressed with unstudied negligence. A single braid bound their tresses, and that was not adopted out of vanity, but for the practical purpose to which the modern poll-comb is applied. The fashionable young ladies of Greece performed wonders in the way of coils. They dressed their hair in the pleasing styles in which Diana is generally represented—except, of course, when she went a-hunting, for then she let down her back hair; they wore their hair in a knotor in a net at the back of the head, or done up in a coil at the crown.

Queen Berenice wears a small embroidered cap, something between the common turban of the East and the "pork pie" of the West. It is jauntily tilted on one side, so as to permit some part of the hair to be seen. It is not at all unlikely that Berenice wore a false "front." From the length of the curls which dangle over her forehead, we should be inclined to say that they were simply fixed to the broad ribbon of her diadem. The famous Aspasia is represented with short curls peeping from under a veil of exquisite texture. The veil falls over the shoulders, and, with regard to her coiffure, Aspasia might pass very well for a modern Spaniard.

The Roman fashions were different from those of Greece. A Roman lady was attended by a number of slaves of the boudoir, each with special duties to perform in connection with the toilette of their mistress. When she awoke in the morning, the thick crust formed by the paste which had been applied to her face the day before, to bring health as far at least as her cheeks, was removed by a sponge. Then, with much ceremony, the female hairdresser was introduced. She combed the hair, and curled it with a hot iron; she separated the tresses, and tied them with small bands, and ornamented the hair with long gold and silver and ivory pins of excellent workmanship. The hair was next powdered with gold dust and sprinkled with perfume. The offices of the toilette were fulfilled exclusively by women.

E. A. M.

Grains of Gold.

Character is a perfectly educated will.

Know yourself and you know the be t.

Be your strife to lead on earth an angel's life.

The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil.

It requires no small degree of talent to know when to conceal it.

When in company a well-bred man ought to check a disposition to gaping.

The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

We had better appear to be what we are than affect to appear what we are not.

From the knowledge of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the sources of most of our affections.

In every profession every individual affects to appear what he would willingly be esteemed.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions if the world were to witness to the motives which produce them.

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of despatch and skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

Nothing ought to be said or done which may by any means discover that those whose company we are in are not much beloved, or, at least, much esteemed by us.

There is time enough for every thing in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantages from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

Though there have been some eminent instances to the contrary, an absent man is generally either a very weak or a very affected man; he is, at all events, a disagreeable man in company.

Men spend their lives in anticipations in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own.

He that acts towards men as if God saw him, and prays to God as if men heard him, although he may not obtain all that he asks, or succeed in all that he undertakes, will most probably deserve to do so.

We judge so superficially of things that common words and actions, spoke and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

'The Lord is thy keeper,' but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement: it is protection. When you cannot commit your ways to Him, He does not abridge your liberty; He only defends you against the evil.

A man who is really diffident, timid and bashful, be his merit what it will, can hardly ever push himself forward in the world; his despondency throws him into inaction, and the forward, bustling and petulant will always precede him.

There are some who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge.

Prayer is not piety; praise is not piety; belief is not piety. All these things may be auxiliary to piety, as a schoolmaster is auxiliary to learning; but as a schoolmaster is not learning in the full, so religious observances are not piety in the individual.

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference to the opinion of his friend; whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct.

Where we but see the darkness of the mine, God sees the diamond shine; where we can only clustering leaves behold, He sees the bud they fold. We only see the rude and outer strife; God knows the inner life. And those from whom, like Pharisees we shrink, with Christ may eat and drink.

Femininities.

Hymen comes when he is called and Love when he pleases.

The only secret that a woman guards invariably is that of her age.

A young lady in North Carolina wears six diamond rings on one finger.

A woman not fit to be a poor man's wife is not fit to be any man's wife.

Black gloves are no longer worn in the evening, except with an entirely black toilette.

The ladies of Cincinnati are making an energetic crusade upon the smoke nuisance in that city.

A man with a scolding wife being asked what his occupation was, replied that he kept a hot-house.

The Princess of Wales has recently passed her thirty-sixth birthday. She passed the morning in hunting.

Maiden lady's quotation, slightly altered from an old aphorism—"Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

Don't quarrel with the crook, unless of course, she happens to be your wife, when it is eminently proper; in short, quite necessary.

The ladies of Paris are tired of beetles and bugs, and the latest idea for the adornment of a head-dress is the foot of a bear or a tiger's claw.

Four newspapers in Texas are edited by women, and the other women in that State are beginning to think that the press should be muzzled.

"Would you like to look through the big telescope?" asked one girl of another. To which the latter replied: "No, I'd a great deal rather look through a keyhole."

When you hear a young lady very carefully say, "I haven't saw," you may be sure she is a recent graduate from one of the most thorough of our numerous female seminaries.

A little girl, whose father was a merchant tailor, said to her mother: "Mother, I can always tell when father makes a misfit, because he always gives you and me fits when he gets home."

One of the attendants at the Smithsonian Institution says that to lovely women the snakes are a powerful attraction, while one glances suffices for a man. He shudders and [illegible]

One English countess's jewels are estimated as worth $500 000. They include a splendid diamond crown which, together with the fact that her ladyship is not a great beauty, has given rise to the joke: "She looks like a chandelier."

A girl of fourteen years of age has been compelled by a machinist, in England, to work for him for thirty-seven hours at a stretch, with only an interval of one hour and a half for rest. "The most inhuman case," said the government inspector, "that has ever come under my notice."

A young girl in New York is under medical treatment for inability to use her feet through wearing high heeled shoes. The heels were so high, and set so far towards the centre of her foot that they threw her off her base, and instead of the beholders being paralyzed, it was the muscles of her legs.

A woman in Kansas was pestered by a man to marry him. She concluded to make sport of him, and gathered a wedding party and had a pretended clergyman to tie her to the lover, and the victim did not know that he had been imposed upon until it was time for the party to disperse. Then they undeceived him.

The memories of Louis Napoleon and his son will still haunt Villa Eugenie, at Biarritz. When the Empress sold the properties, she inserted a special clause in the deed binding the purchasers under heavy penalties to celebrate memorial services in the private chapel of the villa on the anniversary of the death of the two Napoleons.

Three women wear the ribbon of the French Legion of Honor. The first won it by cutting the telegraph wires in 1870; the second by defending against the Prussians; the third for her artistic achievements. Five other ladies—sisters of charity and nuns—possess the decoration, bestowed upon them for their devotion to the sick and wounded.

A Baltimore heiress fixed herself up as a homely woman of middle age and got into the street car in which were four of her suitors. As one of them wanted to get off he got up and let her have his seat. She supposed that he went to ride upon the platform, and of course accepted him when he proposed. Some men are born to luck.

A wedding is to take place in San Francisco next month, which is already causing a sensation. There are to be ten bridesmaids, each of whom will carry a lamp (in imitation of an ancient Oriental custom), and go in a body to meet the groom and conduct him to the bride, who, it is arranged, will stand, awaiting his coming, under a canopy of silk borne by four friends.

An East Boston father discovered that his daughter, who has a soul for romance, proposed to elope. And he didn't sit up with a bull-dog and a shot-gun to waylay the fugitives. Oh, no! He went to his daughter and told her he desired her to marry a young man, naming her lover, and he would set him up in a good paying grocery business; and the young lady at once declared she'd die rather than marry any man just to please her father.

A Connecticut woman had two neighbors whom she hated, and sent to them two packages of poisoned candy by mail. Two families were made dangerously ill, but only one life was lost. She was arrested, but before the time for her trial came she became insane. That was nine years ago. Now the physicians of the asylum in which she has spent the interval pronounce her fully recovered, and she is to be tried for the crime which, she says, seems to her to have been committed only yesterday.

The one quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, and kisses, and watching, and answers them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature, that requires the most, repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger the greater the need and the greater the unthankfulness of its object; and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

News Notes.

A pair of ostriches can be purchased for $900.

There are only sixty stock brokers in Paris.

The electric light is to be used for ripening fruit.

A Missouri man, with an ingrowing nail, chopped his toe off.

A pint of water converted into steam fills a space of 1600 pints.

Great bows of ribbon have taken the place of corsage bouquets.

A cord of dry wood supplies as much heat as two cords of green wood.

Vennor, the weather prophet, was at one time a workman in an axe factory in New York.

Forest birds are rapidly increasing in Colorado, because of the State bounty for killing hawks.

An insane physician poisoned two men to death in Minnesota before his malady was discovered.

A Frenchman would think he had not dined did not a salad of some kind form part of his meal.

Decidedly novel riding-gloves are in gauntlet shape, and are ornamented with a hound's head.

During the past year nearly five thousand miles of new railroad have been built in this country.

Of all our domestic animals the pig is the most sensitive to exposure to rough weather; poultry next.

Of the great singers of to day not one is Italian. English will be the medium for the opera of the future.

From the grass, hay, grain and roots we manufacture meats and dairy products, using animals as the machines.

Diphtheria is propagated by kissing; therefore be particular when you favor any one with a salute on the lips.

In Vermont women now have the right to vote at school meetings, and to hold school offices and the office of town clerk.

New dinner sets are decorated in Japanese designs, each set consisting of plate, cup and saucer, being in different patterns.

One of the most popular Representatives in Congress is an Alabama man, who has never offered a bill or resolution, nor made a speech.

The obscure poison which produces hydrophobia has been known to lie latent in the system for years before developing its fatal results.

Animals grow less in water; most of their food goes to keep up an internal heat to supply that escaping by reason of the cold outside.

The census returns from every Southern State except Delaware show a larger relative increase of the colored than of the white population.

Although paper collars have to a great extent gone out of use within the last ten years, 700 000 000 of them are manufactured annually.

America is undoubtedly reducing the rent of land in England by the amount of food which she is enabled to send over there at a cheap rate.

The largest peach orchard in the world is said to be in Georgia. It covers two hundred and fifty acres, and has yielded $70 000 worth of peaches.

A grocer of Boston let $70 to be annually expended in caring for his dog, and that fortunate animal now eats sirloin steak three times a day.

A wealthy citizen of Kittanning, who died recently, left $25 to each widow in the place, and the same sum to every wife who should become a widow.

After all the excitement of the late campaign, and in spite of the strenuous efforts to get out every vote, over 700,000 voters stayed away from the polls.

In England the country people used to make raised garden banks or benches, and plant them with chamomile to sit on, thinking it conducive to health.

A burning dwelling house in Hartford was saved from destruction lately by the use of cider, which happened to be more plentiful than water in that locality.

Gladstone, the Premier of England, loves books, pictures and old china. His tastes are aristocratic, but his manners are so simple that they are called democratic.

The drink known as "gin sling" was invented by John Collins, a waiter at a London hotel. John was corrupted into gin, and Collins into sling, and thence slings.

A New York practical philanthropist gained the gratitude of the Broadway stage-drivers during the cold snap by distributing a supply of ear muffs among them.

The longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1761. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

A learned physician finds that the figure on the crucifix in the Spanish Cathedral of Burgos is a human body in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to have been there since the eleventh century.

A curious book in press over the water is Anglo-Israelitism and the Great Pyramid, an Examination of the Alleged Claims of Queen Victoria to the Throne of David, and of the Reasons for Fixing the End of the World in 1881.

England alone annually imports 200 000 pounds of ivory, to obtain which quantity it is necessary to kill annually 30 000 elephants. The ivory supply of the world probably causes the destruction of 100 000 elephants annually, and as males and females are killed indiscriminately, this animal will before many years become extinct.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

THE SHOE THAT FITTED.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion
And riggin' out in bows and things
As woman's rulin' passion,
And comin' to the church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you;"
And I guess it set her to thinkin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fel'ers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It set by blood a billin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin' 's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

The World of Humor.

Bald men are the coolest headed men in the world.

Can a man intoxicated by music be said to be air-tight?

Epitaph for a cannibal—"One who loved his fellow men."

Bad for authors—Only men who can't write make their mark.

Garfield rises at seven in the morning. This is his idea of seven—an.

Beautiful extract—Helping a handsome young lady out of a mud-hole.

The man who goes into business with the devil soon finds that his partner is soul proprietor.

When a man looks a little pale, thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

"My inkstand is stationary," as the schoolmaster said when he found it nailed to his desk.

To make a workman drop his tools in a hurry, nothing has been discovered equal to twelve strokes of the clock.

The number of new stars discovered at this season of the year depends greatly upon the number of new skaters.

Cincinnati prides itself on liberality in religious matters. In other words, they play poker and base-ball there on Sunday.

"I am a man of few words," said Smoke. "True enough," replied Fog, "true enough but you never tire of repeating them."

"Kissing your sweetheart," says a trifling young man, "is like eating soup with a fork—it takes a long time to get enough."

"Bob, what's steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right. Compare it." "Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative burst."

A little boy in Georgia, who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony, was wise enough to add: "Postcrit—If he is a mule, Please try his behine legs."

A physician gives directions "How to see the blood circulate." His method is not as simple as the old way of telling a prize-fighter he lies.

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch 'em, so I will."

When a man speaks to a lamp-post and cautions it not to "bob round so," it shows that the post is getting irregular in its habits and needs looking after.

The artful husband when he finds that somebody has stolen the keyhole out of his door, and consequently rings the bell, knows exactly who the "coming woman" is.

Pittsburg has a new steam hammer which will strike a blow of 40,000 pounds, and by setting in its way you can form an idea of how it seems to be kicked by a mule.

"My darling!" he tenderly whispers vainly attempting to seize her hand, "do you know that I love you madly?" "Oh yes," she says, "almost any fool could tell that."

The most poetical burning coal mentioned in Scripture don't scorch the enemies any now-a-days when heaped on their heads. You've got to hit 'em with the coal-hovel.

The Methodist Church in New Jersey has set its foot down against kissing at church fairs. They're bound a man sha'n't get anything worth the money paid at church fairs.

An exchange says the national debt in silver dollars, could be removed by rail, by loading 5,580 cars with ten tons each. We can hardly believe it. If it is so, then why isn't it done?

A Boston journal states that there is on exhibition in that city a Mexican lady without arms, who plays the piano with her feet. Thus are the beneficent plans of nature thwarted.

A Chicago fireman who poisoned some cold meat to "fix" a dog, and then ate it with his luncheon, has got a new and improved memory since the doctors succeeded in pumping him out.

Two million one hundred and twenty-five thousand and four hundred dollars' worth of buildings put up in Milwaukee last year. Many of these buildings were not breweries.

One evening, at a Paris cafe, a group of idlers were discussing politics, and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried, 'Long live anybody.'" "Quite so," said another; "but then you're a doctor."

It is stated that a certain literary association, composed of young men and women, broke up in a serious row simply because the male members insisted upon having as the question for debate, "Is the man in the moon bow-legged."

The young people had just settled down in their new house, and had engaged a very capable servant. At the third breakfast the husband said, "My darling, why are all those hairs in the hash?" She replied, "Pet, it is only a misplaced switch."

They were in the wood. Said he, looking things unutterable, "I wish I were a fern, Gussie." "Why?" she asked. "Why—p'raps you—might—press me, too." She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud; so she replied, "I'm afraid you're too green, Charley." The poor boy almost blubbered.

A down town chap, who is too lazy to work, and who has a sick wife, was heard lately to rejoice in the latter fact. "It's a piece of good luck," he declared; "I live like a fighting cock. The sympathizing neighbors send in all kinds of delicacies, and Jessie is too sick to eat anything, so I just dispose of them myself."

"Who," exclaims a cotemporary, "would not go back to his childhood at this season of the year, and be once more a beautiful boy." Probably nobody. Beautiful boy is fine. When we look back upon a snub-nosed little beast with freckles, and hair like a bull-dozed sofa pillow, and think of the time when he too had his Christmas, our only reflection is—he was good, but he ate too much.

A fashionable lady was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he emphatically asked her what was the matter with the coffee. "I don't know," she said, bursting into tears, "I've biled them 'ar beans for a hull hour, and they ain't no softer now than they was when I first put 'em in the pot."

"The difference," said he, sauntering into the library the other day—"the difference between the works of Captain Cook and the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is, I presume, that the former are by a tar, and the latter bi-to-man." Before he could cackle he was seized by the nape of the neck and thrust out of the building by a greatly enraged professor.

There are several ways of calling a man a puppy, but a local photographer did it about as neatly as any the other day. A very fussy individual appeared at the studio with a Newfoundland puppy, and wanted its picture taken, for which five dollars were asked. "How much do you ask if I am taken on the same picture?" "No extra charge. I don't charge any more for one than I do for both of you."

A Western gentleman was pricing an old sofa at an auction-room. "This sofa once belonged to the pirate, Lafitte; it is full of historical reminiscences." "There is one now, pa, crawling right up the back" observed the gentleman's little boy. "That's a fact; it's alive with historical reminiscences," said the gentleman. No sale.

They had been to see the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," and on their way home thoughts of the death of the great dictator seemed to affect her so much that she turned to Algernon and said, "Wasn't it sad to be cut up so horribly?" "Aw—yes," sympathetically responded Algernon, "and he p-probably had on his b-best clothes."

The deceived Indians say "all men at Washington are liars." Well, perhaps they are right. The inspired singer of Israel said the same thing about us centuries before the Indians did. David admits that he said it in "haste," and perhaps that explains why, in his hurry, he omitted the important qualifying phrase of specific location.

We know that there is nothing on earth equal to Hop Bitters as a family medicine. Read advertisement.

There is a certain man who claims that the water in a well he owns has valuable medicinal qualities, and he sells it at ten cents a glass. The water has both the taste and smell of whisky, and the gin-mill list says the thing is a fraud, and the well is merely a whisky barrel set under ground. But the good people who patronize the well, and who wouldn't drink whisky, anyway, absolutely refuse to believe that there is any fraud about the thing.

Not long since a young lady, who had been engaged to a fine young man for some time, met a richer person, and soon put off the old love for the new. She wrote to the old lover, requesting him to return her photograph. Here was a chance for revenge, which he took by sending her the following note: "I would gladly comply with your request, but if I do so it will spoil my euchre deck. I have a collection of photographs which I use for playing cards, and I do not wish to break it by giving away the deuce of diamonds."

Lovers claim that pressing business often occupies their idle time.

When a man went home the other day and told his wife that he had just bought a new spring-wagon, she exclaimed, "Why, George, what made you get a spring wagon in the fall of the year?"

The nightingale is the most human bird in existence. He leaves off singing and goes to croaking as soon as he has a family, but if he loses his mate he will go right to singing cheerfully till he finds another mate.

Defeated at last—"I say, Slugger, what in all creation is the reason that fellow ran away from me so?" Slugger—"Well, if you young fellows will sit up at night and study and poke over books, you can't expect to be any good on the track, nohow."

There was a fight imminent between two boys last evening. One of them darkly hinted that he was bigger than the other. The smaller, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted: "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt, you can't scare me."

A little fellow was partaking pretty largely of the good things of this life at the dinner-table, immediately on his return from Sabbath-school. His brother, after eyeing him for some time, said, "Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven." Little six-year old hesitated for a moment, and then, looking up, replied, "Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make from $35 to $50 per week selling goods for R. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses. See another column.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Sleep, Appetite, and Strength

Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (48 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

DR. LEAVID'S 'ATARRH AND HEADACHE CURE. Soothing and Healing. Certain cure. Price by mail 25 cts. Address ROBERT W. JONES, Kenwood, Oneida Co., N. Y.

25 Lovely Moss Rose and Chromo Cards, Name on 10c. A 32 Column Story Paper Free with each pack. American Card Co., West Haven, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE, CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and sleeplessness rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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INCOMES.

Premiums received during the year	$254,785.32
Interest received from Investments, Rents, &c	206,816 01
	$461,581.33

DISBURSEMENTS.

Life Losses paid	$317,606.90
Endowments and Annuities paid	17,194.20
Travelling Agents and Commissions	18 849.74
Salaries and Medical Examinations	18,421.60
Taxes, Licenses and Legal Expenses	21,609.65
Printing, Advertising, Stamps, &c.	10,171.85
Surrendered and Canceled Policies, Dividends and Notes voided by lapse of Policies	325,382 03
	$825,749.77

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1881

Mortgages upon Real Estate	$1,393 551 90
Stocks and Bonds	938 087.00
Real Estate, Office and Properties bought to secure Loans	720,066 78
Loans on Collateral simply secured	254 199 00
Premium Notes secured by Policies	3 9 139 59
Cost deferred and unreported Premiums	15 613.81
Cash on hand and in Banks	109 548.83
Accrued Interest to January 1	28 703 74
	$3,431 813.05

LIABILITIES.

Re-insurance reserve at 4½ per cent.	$2 308 389.70
Death Claims not yet due	43 010 00
Funds held in Trust	118 557 46
Net premiums paid in advance	2 646 08
	$2 571 303.15
Surplus to Policy holders	736 509 90
	$3 431 813 05
Number of Policies in force	5 491
Amount at risk	$9,575 732.00

DETAILED STATEMENT OF BONDS AND STOCKS

$100,000	State of Pennsylvania Loan, 6's (31 series)	$476 928 62	508,067 00
85,000	Jersey City, N. J., Water Bonds, 7's.		
26,000	City of Columbus, Ohio, 6's		
25,000	Rochester City, N.Y., Water Bonds, 7's		
20,000	Pennsylvania Company Bonds 6's		
20,000	Philadelphia and Erie R.R. Bonds, 6's.		
20,000	Ohio and West Va. R. R. Bonds 7's.		
15,000	Cape May City, N. J., Bonds 7's		
10,000	Williamsport Co. Water Bonds, 6's.		
10,000	Town of Bruce, Ill., Bonds, 10's		
7,000	Town of Earle, Ill., Bonds 10's		
600	Shares of Pennsylvania R. R.		
517	Shares of Camden and Atlantic R. R., preferred		
90	Shares of Iron Mountain Car Trust (Series A)		
281	Shares Corn Exchange National Bank		
100	Shares of Union National Bank		
100	Shares of Commercial National Bank.		
100	Shares of Merchants' National Bank.		
22	Shares of Consolidation National Bank.		
4	Shares of Military Academy, Chester, Pa.		
		COST	MARKET VALUE

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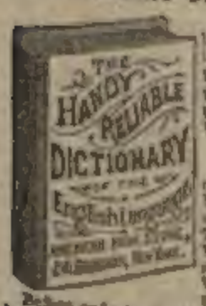

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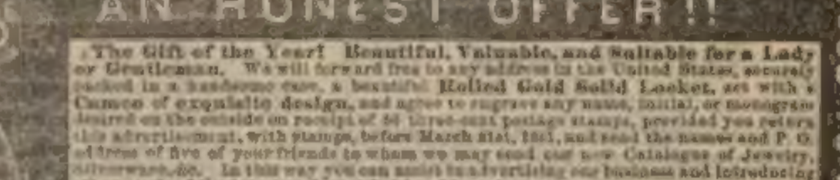

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FOR ball dresses there are in preparation numerous flowers of satin, plush or velvet. Flowers are no longer worn in bouquets, but in long garlands, which begin at the waist, traverse the bust, and end under the arm, or sometimes cross the back and loop the drapery. There are also many embroideries worked with colored beads—gold, silver, copper and steel—on bands of tulle, which are used for ball dresses. Corsage plastrons and skirt fronts are worked in the same manner. Gold lace of all widths is used more than ever, as well on tulle as on silk dresses.

Another new garniture is collar, cuffs and pocket flaps of coin colored leather, ornamented with gold, silk, or chenille embroidery.

An elegant basque of black cissie velvet is a most useful garment this season, as it may be worn with various skirts. These are most effective when made demi-long, like half coats, but they must be rounded short on the hips for stout figures. They require really no trimming, but sometimes a rich chenille fringe tipped with jet is used around the neck and across the fronts.

To give greater elegance to full-dress toilettes of young girls, their skirts of light transparent wool are worn with corsages of new fabrics, such as plush with satin stripes or dots, and another with short pile brocaded with small flowers.

These corsages are open in such a manner as to show the throat without exposing the shoulders, are made without sleeves, and are completed by a pleated guimpe and elbow sleeves of white crepe lisse.

These are fair examples of the present fashion of wearing the bodices or jackets of different material and color to the skirt, but some of the prettiest toilettes have the color the same, and only the materials different. Thus, a white silk trimmed profusely with lace and looped with white jessamine, has a ribbed velvet jacket fastened with silver buttons, a pink gauze one, a jacket of satin of the same color, covered with embroidery in white silk and white jet, with fringe to match.

Enormous lace ruffles, embroidered in colored silks, generally matched to the dress, are fashionably worn round the neck. Necklaces of medium sized pearls are worn both with high and with low dresses; also plain gold necklets, to which is attached a tiny sheep in gold and enamel, as a reminiscence of the golden fleece. The frightful pig is quite banished from fashionable charms. The donkey is much approved of, but the spider is the device most in vogue, and appears in topaz, rubies, or diamonds in the centre of a gossamer web of silver filagree. The dog's collar, the slave's chain, and the Russian chain with a St. Andrew's cross of old silver, are fastened on over black velvet ribbons, which are worn round the neck just under the lace ruffs, upon high-bodiced dresses. The delicate workmanship of such old silver jewels shows exquisitely over the black velvet and dark material of the dress. It is a fashion revived from the sixteenth century, and is a charming finish to a day-time toilette.

There is a great rage at the present time for panniers made either of the same material as the dress, or its trimming, and they are very tightly in folds or pleats over the hips. This fashion is especially pretty for plush or velvet, and gives an elegant appearance to the dress.

The popularity of shirred fronts of skirts still continues, but the preference is for horizontal rows of shirring rather than the lengthwise shirrings of last year. Sometimes these gaugings merely fill the space between plain side panels, while in other skirts they cover the entire front and gored side breadths.

Still another fancy is shown in putting the figured goods, or that with high colors, into the skirt, while the basque or coat is of plain material, and sometimes of the most sombre color, or it may be black.

A handsome walking costume is of prune-colored cashmere and brocaded material, with a ground of the same color. The round skirt of the plain cashmere is trimmed with two flounces cut into small scallops. The tablier is trimmed with five more smaller flounces cut to correspond; at the back and sides there is a drapery of the brocade which comes down to the heading of the second flounce, and forms paniers at the sides. The bodice, made with brocade, opens over a long shirred vest of cashmere; this bodice is fastened with two buttoned straps of brocade. The sleeves, of the same fabric, have on the upper side, near the elbow, pleated gores of cashmere; they are further trimmed with two frillings, cut out in small scallops; the neck is finished with a small collar also of cashmere.

Another very elegant dress is of dark garnet colored camel's hair; the skirt has a deep kilting round the bottom, trimmed round the edge with a border of Oriental cashmere in Turkish colors; second skirt edged with the same, composed of a drapery commencing low on one side and draped up in natural folds upon the hip on the opposite side. Long high-necked bodice, fastened behind, forming a point in front, trimmed round the bottom with three wide plain bias bands; the upper part, from the shoulders, is trimmed with three borders of the Oriental cashmere, finished into a point at the edge of the bodice, and framing round a gathered and puffed chemisette of the same material as the dress. Long tight sleeves, with deep revers, trimmed with a shirred triangular piece, edged with colored embroidery.

A third costume for walking or visiting, or for home wear, is of dark green cashmere; the perfectly-fitting bodice has a deep basque with a depassant, or wide piping without cord, round the edge, of crimson satin. A deep collar or cape of the cashmere, lined and piped with crimson and satin, covers the shoulders. The sleeve facings are trimmed in the same manner, and open to show a fluting of crimson satin. The skirt of cashmere is disposed in double hollow pleats, between each of which shows a group of fan-shaped pleats of crimson satin. An upper skirt of the cashmere forms a short tablier in front, arranged in bias folds, and a narrow bouffant tournure at the back.

A short dress of black satin is made with basque plain in front and box pleated into fulness at the back. The skirt is slightly open in the front breadth, each side lined with cardinal satin. A panier drapery is drawn over the hips, and mingles with the back of the skirt, which is looped in various places. The bottom of the dress is cut up in spaces about three inches apart, and a plaiting of red satin is inserted, giving fulness to the edge of the skirt, and producing a dressy effect.

The new skating costumes are of ribbed vicuna and stockingette, in such shades as very dark green, claret, and brown. The short skirt has a plaited flounce, and over it a tunic, which forms a double point in front, and is bordered with fur and lined throughout with soft woolen check. The long jacket, also bordered with fur, fits the figure closely, and opens diagonally, being fastened with gold buttons, and round the throat, is what is extremely fashionable now, a fur ruff coming close up under the chin, and about six inches deep.

Tailor-made dresses this winter are fuller and more flowing than hitherto.

A new and useful costume is of dark, almost invisible check, has three cross-cut narrow flounces round the skirt, a tunic gathered perpendicularly in front, the fulness gauged down here and there, so that it has the appearance of being puckered all over. The train falls in three puffs and the long well-cut jacket bodice fits closely.

Quite a new style of coat has a double cape, each bound with cord, and turned back, with buttons in front, showing a velvet revers. The buttons used are large silver ones, which appear all down the front in a double row, for the bodice is double-breasted. It describes three tight skirts, each edged with cord, the lower buttoning off low. Long frock coats, double breasted, are the most fashionable outdoor garment for country wear.

In the composition of bonnets the same combinations of richly blended satins and plushes prevail as during last month, and jet, steel, gold, cashmere and colored beads are still used in profusion, with variously designed ornaments of gilt, steel and jet.

The small Fanchon, composed of a puff of plush three inches wide, a beetle and feather, or small ostrich tip or occasionally a flower and bud at one side, with strings of silk or lace, is the extreme example of the small bonnet worn.

Dressy bonnets for evening and visiting wear have the crown of pearl-embroidered satin, or covered with pearl lace, and the brim of the softest white plush—the trimming, a scarf of silk tulle draped across the top, confined by a delicate ornament, and forming strings, and several small soft curling ostrich tips.

For ordinary wear, a nice hat is of long-haired grey felt, with one long grey feather curling round the brim and drooping at the back, and three tips of feathers clustered in front. At the back is fastened a fox's paw, with bright steel claws.

A large toque shaped hat, with turned-up brim, is of black plush, with a cluster of tips of black ostrich feathers on the top, and a black aigrette.

A simpler shape has a squarish high crown, and brim turned up all round, and has no trimming beyond a tiger's paw, with gilt claws fastened on one side.

A Tam O'Shanter is of pale blue plush, with white and blue ostrich tips at the side where the narrow brim is turned up.

And a toquet hat of maroon plush has a limp slanting crown with a fluffy pompon in the middle. In front upon the high brim there is a panther's paw with gilt claws.

Fireside Chat

TABLE DECORATIONS.

THE importance of table decorations has in no period of our world's history been utterly and altogether overlooked. In every clime, in almost every region, taste, thought, and discrimination have been devoted to this subject by all nations holding the smallest pretensions to civilization or refinement; nay, even untutored savages have employed their rough fancy in decorating their barbaric boards and garnishing their strange viands. Nor is this applicable to the old world alone; we find in the 16th century, when the Spaniards and Portuguese were discovering and subduing remote countries and unknown peoples, carrying everywhere the fruitful seeds of luxury and civilization in their wake, that, though they looked with contempt and pity upon the manners and customs of the wild tribes of this country, they yet were moved to astonishment at the glory and magnificence of the royal savage, Montezuma. They found him revelling with his barbaric chieftains at festive boards embellished with ornaments beautiful in design and delicate in workmanship; his guests assembled in a banqueting hall lighted up with flaming torches, adorned with screens and fantasies of strange forms, and in an atmosphere redolent with the sweet odors of aromatic perfumes.

Flowers, sculpture, and art decorations, together with dancing, sweet scents and sounds, and all that enthrals our senses of hearing, sight and smell, have always, in a greater or less degree, been associated with the pleasures of the table. In no respect, perhaps, have any peculiar idiosyncracies, tastes, or usages of individual nations been more conspicuous than in the fancy displayed in decorating their banqueting halls and adorning their hospitable boards. We read of the brilliantly colored dining-rooms of the ancient Egyptians, whose walls and ceilings were covered with grotesque enigmatical devices and designs; then, of their tables were to be seen curiously carved and embossed spoons of silver, gold, ivory or alabaster, gay baskets enriched with fruits and flowers. And who amongst us is not familiar with descriptions of the sumptuous repasts of the Athenians, whose banqueting table were surrounded with choice objects of sculpture and art, and decked out with flowers in marble and bronze, and with flowers and fruit arranged in handsome vases?

Nor do the Romans appear to have been much behind the Greeks in aught relating to table decorations, but they evinced less refinement and delicacy in the choice of their decorations, and in the amusements which they deemed fitting for the entertainment of their guests.

Turning to our own history, we find everywhere traces of the same wish to gratify the eye with objects of beauty and delight. In the memory of many of us lingers yet the sweet recollections of the keen delight we experienced in demolishing those marvellous erections, in the shape of temples or birdcages, of sugar and the like, which our infantile hands were graciously permitted not only to level with the ground, but also to consume, after they had served as the admired objects of two or three dinner parties. These were considered delicate fancies for relieving the ponderous and massive epergnes and costly show of silver which overwhelmed the tables of the wealthy.

The custom of decorating the festive board with massive joints, entrees, and entremets in heavy, if handsome silver dishes, may now be fairly classed among the customs which have departed with our forefathers. Fashion has denounced such splendor as both inelegant and inconvenient. We have learnt that the food should not be made too prominent; that there are more pleasing objects to rest our eyes upon during pauses of the feast than ragouts and made dishes, however tastily they may be prepared, and artistically garnished. So much more preferable has the modern system been found that, in houses of any pretension, the every-day family dinners are served either à la Russe, or, where the waiting power is limited, in what may be called a compromise between dinners à la Russe and the old-fashioned dinners à l'Anglaise—viz., handing round all such dishes as can be helped with fork and spoon, and only placing those upon the table for which the carving knife is necessary.

Now, even for such family dinners, attention to artistic decorations is essential, and much taste, even without great expense, may be shown where the housekeeper can devote a little time to such minutiæ. A short half hour daily may surely well be devoted to such ornamentations, which unconsciously cast a pleasant sense of refinement and elegance over the aspect of the dinner-table, and lend a charm to the every-day common places of life. In winter the task is somewhat more difficult than in summer; but much can be done, after a moderate first outlay, with rustic work of virgin cork, wicker-work baskets, or for side ornaments, such as we have seen made of large white polished shells filled with growing ferns, lycopodiums and mosses. These, carefully watered and tended, and, above all, removed quickly from the deleterious effects of gas, may long be kept fresh and bright, and their appearance made very effective by the judicious addition of a few sprays of bright flowers or berries lightly laid in among the green foliage.

Since the china mania has attacked so many of our ladies, the fortunate possessors of old china may do much by utilizing it as a means of decoration, especially at this season, when flowers and fruit are rare and costly. Delicate or quaint specimens of old Worcester, Chelsea, or Dresden will be found to exercise a most telling effect by introducing the proper harmony of colors in connection with the shining damask of the table-linen and the sparkling crystal of the glass service. Nor can we altogether deprecate the use of colored grasses and artificial flowers. Much can be done also with a tastily-arranged dessert of bright bonbons, dried fruit, apples, pears, oranges and nuts. But with regard to decorations suitable to the large festive gatherings and orthodox dinner parties one finds for those who can afford to pay for them, and for such as are prepared to launch out in costly presents, a perfect embarrassment of richness in the choice of centre ornaments, baskets, specimen glasses, menu holders, etc. Space prevents our doing justice to the large assortment of elegant objects which the artistic requirements of the rich, and the competition of enterprising merchants have developed. In all the displays we have seen, glass ornaments seem to take the lead, owing to the superior delicacy and refinement of their shapes; china vases and figures, however, are not at all badly represented. One set in pure white china had a very striking effect, contrasted, as it was, by a dessert set of exquisitely fine, brilliant-colored china. The centre and the side vases for the flowers were edged with open basket work, and supported with graceful figures of boys and maidens; the table was lighted with white china candelabras to match, and here and there were dotted about pure white baskets in imitation wicker work (also of china) decked out with graceful ferns and dainty sprigs of flowers. Many of the glass vases and candelabras are relieved with drops, chains, or small lines of turquoise blue, and some centre and side of silvered and enamelled glass, lined with tin troughs to contain flowers. Then there are vases with dropping baskets, others with fruit, placed alternately between cornucopias for flowers.

In the way of low corner decorations, a deep trough of silvered glass striped with turquoise blue, on a bull's-eye glass plateau raised on a purple mount, looked very effective. Among the china knicknacks for corners may be mentioned stags drives by men and women, grey and white swans swimming in graceful attitudes on seas of mirrored glass, majolica serviettes and menu holders combined; majolica "bird menu holders"—the menu kept in position by the beak of the bird; not to speak of others, more delicate, of white glass enlivened with bright pink flowers. Enough has doubtless, however, been said to show that for those who have the desire to please, sufficient scope can be given for the display of taste and variety; while for those who, with this desire, have ample means of gratifying their wishes, no excuse can be made for the exhibition of ungainly objects and inelegant devices.

Answers to Inquirers.

G. C. (Newton, N. J.)—You must request some mutual friend to introduce you to the young lady.

J. T. R.—A letter addressed "The Right Honorable Earl Rosebery, London, England," would probably reach him.

F. C. (Chicago, Ill.)—When a young gentleman promises repeatedly to call on a young lady, and invariably breaks his promise, he is not worth a young lady's regard. Let him alone, and try and win some other person's esteem and affection.

H. B. (Bartonsville.)—We really cannot explain the matter more clear than Webster has done. He says Indian is pronounced Indyan. How you can suppose it may from that spelling be pronounced "injun" we cannot see. Pronounce Ind yan in two syllables and see if you do not get it correctly.

H. W. B. (New York, N. Y.)—The different hoods worn by clergymen in England denote the universities to which they respectively belong and the degrees they have taken. Thus a black hood edged with white fur represents a Bachelor of Arts of Oxford; a black hood lined with red represents a Master of Arts of Oxford. A black hood lined with white silk represents a Master of Arts of Cambridge.

MARTHA, (Richmond, Va.)—Your case is certainly a painful one; but we really do not see what advice we can give you, except it be that you endeavor to discard from your mind and memory the image and words of the man who so lightly broke off such a long-standing engagement. Depend upon it that the man who could act so cruelly towards a young lady as this young man has done towards you, could hardly be expected to make a home happy.

S. B. (Glencoe, Minn.)—You will probably find that sugar of lead, which can be bought at any drug store, will cure the ivy poisoning. Dissolve the powder in water, making a strong solution, and apply with a cloth to the poisoned spots. Be very careful however, as it is, when taken inwardly, a fatal poison. 2. We do not think the tobacco habit can be cured by medicines. It can be cured, however, by a strong effort of the will. Determine to do without it, and you can.

IGNORAMUS, (Germantown, Pa.)—1. There is as much fairness in the speculation you mention as in the best of the kind, and a great deal more than in most. 2. Robert Ingersoll is by no means the smartest man in the United States. Indeed, he is not smart in his specialty—infidelity. This the strongest claim he has upon public attention, is merely the rehashed work of really learned skeptics such as Voltaire, Hume, Paine, and others. 3. Chicago is probably the largest city in the West. What its present population may be we cannot say.

W. W. M. (Augusta, Va.)—1. George III. was King of Great Britain during the war of 1812. As he was insane, however, the government was practically in the hands of a regent, his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. 2. There is no actual grammatical error in the sentence as given, but it is inelegant. The space bounded by, or between the three roads, is the proper form. Among is generally used where the subject is a number; whereas "space" refers to one thing only. 3. When a young man's betrothed tells him that he is just flirting with her, he should prove to her by the constancy of his attentions that her suspicions are groundless.

JENNIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—For cleaning silks, satins, colored woollen dresses, &c., take four ounces of soft soap, four ounces of borax, the white of an egg, and a wineglassful of gin; mix well together, and scour the article with a rather hard brush thoroughly; afterwards rinse it in cold water, leave to drain, and iron while quite damp. 2. To remove grease spots from silk, lay smoothly the part stained, with the right side downwards, on a piece of woollen cloth or baize stretched upon a deal table, having spread a piece of brown paper on the top of these, apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. About five or eight seconds is usually sufficient. Then rub the stained part briskly with a piece of tissue paper. Alcohol and benzine mixed together are also used for removing grease from silk.

FELIX, (Chester, Pa.)—You seem to be very much distressed. As to "gentleman number one," we think you were in fault in falling in love with him until you had received some indication that your passion was reciprocated. But you may be happy yet. Do not treat him coldly when you meet him; but, on the contrary, with every attention and consideration, concealing from him at the same time, however, as far as lies in your power, that you are really in love with him. There is no reason at all to doubt that he was in earnest when he introduced you to his sisters and parents. As to "number two," we would not advise you to throw him off entirely, he may turn out differently from what you expect; but if your mind is fairly set on "number one," as you term him, you must be careful never again to be so free to "number two" in his presence.

KNOWLEDGE, (Plum Creek, Neb.)—Even an attempt at explaining why Sunday is now regarded as the Sabbath instead of Saturday would occupy more space than we can devote to the matter. Primarily, you should know that there is no certainty that the days called Saturday or Sunday, are in the regular order of succession of such days from the creation. Constantine, on his conversion, ordered that Sunday, the day on which the Christians worshipped God, should be a day of rest in his dominions. Under the paganism of his former faith no respect had been paid it. That Saturday was not chosen, may be inferred from the fact that the influence of Judaism was then as nothing. If it had been anything, the imputed enemies of Our Lord choosing the one day would be sufficient reason for the newly made Christian Emperor to select another. Then as the Almighty is first in all, it savored, according to their notions, more of piety to dedicate the first day of the week to Him rather than any other.

VARMOUNTEN, (Brandon, Vt.)—1. The Catholic Church uses Latin in their ceremonies, because they claim to be a universal church, and this language is universally used. Being a dead tongue it never changes. What it was two thousand years ago it is to-day. They say it makes no difference whether the people understand it or not, as they do not pray or offer mass to the people. They do this to God, and He understands them. The prayer books used by the laity give in the vernacular every Latin word spoken by the priest on the altar. 2. The only statistics we have at hand are those of 1870. Then, the respective numbers of the Baptist and Methodist denominations in this country were: Methodists, 2,127,933. Baptists, 1,673,912. It is probable that now the figures are much larger. 3. Unitarians believe in only one great and supreme Being, as opposed to the Trinity faith. The word Unitarian means one as Trinitarian means three. Sabellius and Arius in the third and fourth centuries were the first Unitarians. Their doctrines are many and peculiar, though for the most part selected from the various reformed faiths. 4. John Kelly is a politician, and a rich one recently, comptroller of New York City. His talents enabled him to gather many followers about him, by which means he for a long time ruled as he pleased the affairs of both the city and state.

JOHN (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Marbling of books is performed by laying the color on the edges with a brush or by means of a wooden trough and gum water, as follows: Provide a wooden trough, two inches deep, six inches wide, and the length of a super-royal sheet; boil in a brass or copper pan any quantity of linseed and water until a thick mucilage is formed; strain it into the trough, and let it cool, then grind on a marble slab any of the following colors in thin beer. For blue, Prussian blue or indigo; red, rose-pink or vermilion, drop lake; yellow, King's yellow, yellow ochre &c.; white, flake white; black, ivory or burnt lamp black; brown, umber, burnt umber, vandyke brown, sienna, terra sienna; green mixed with yellow and red also makes brown, green, blue and yellow mixed; orange red and yellow mixed; purple, red and blue mixed. For each color you must have two cups, one for the color after grinding, remember to mix it with the ox-gall, which must be used to thin the colors at discretion. If too much gall is used, the color will spread; when they keep their place on the surface of the trough, when moved with a quill, they are fit for use. All things being in readiness, the colors are successively sprinkled on the surface of the mucilage in the trough with a brush, and are waved and drawn about with a quill or stick, according to taste. When the design is thus formed the book, tied tightly between cutting boards of the same size, is lightly pressed with its edge on the surface of the liquid pattern, and then withdrawn and dried; the covers may be marbled in the same way, only letting the liquid colors run over them. The film of color in the trough may be as thin as possible, and if any remains after the marbling, it may be taken off by applying paper to it before you prepare for marbling again.